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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

"Redeunt Saturnia Regna."

SINCE the stupid agriculturist killed the goose which laid him a golden egg every day (and thus did himself an injury equivalent to a repeal of the Corn Laws), there has not been any epoch so favourable to the production of the precious metal (the *unalterable measure* of all other values) as the present day in which we have the lucky fortune to live. What the seekers for wealth have been about till now it would be difficult to say. They must have lost themselves in alchemy and transmutation pots, when if they had only looked about them they would have discovered plenty of what they wanted under their feet. Ireland has mines of gold, Pactolus has yet a run, Africa is half desert of sand and gold dust, the Ural mountains hold gold in masses, Borneo (1.) is asserted to possess it, Egypt (2.) has just found out the hillocks where its deposits abound, and Peru and Mexico pale their exhausted brightness before the rising splendour of California. (3.)

(1.) Sir Stamford Raffles stated that the production of this metal, at a district on the western side of that country, called Montrada, was extremely great, although it had fallen off, owing to a bad understanding between the Sultan of Sambas and the Chinese.

"The Chinese at one time are asserted to have employed 32,000 working men in working these mines; and according to an estimate made in 1812 the annual produce was an excess of 1,000,000*l.* sterling. The quantity of gold procured in Sumatra, the supposed golden Chersonesus of the ancients, is, according to Mr. Marsden, about 30,800 ounces, which, at 4*l.* sterling the ounce, is worth 123,200*l.* It is calculated that, one year with another, at least 500 Chinese return in the junks to their native country with a competency. The amount annually remitted to China from the Bornean mines has been estimated, at a loose guess, at 500,000*l.*"

(2.) A recent number of the *Bombay Telegraph* (quoted in the *Times*) contains an account, from a correspondent at Cairo, of an expedition of Colonel Kavelovski, Engineer of Mines in Russia, who was sent to Egypt, at the desire of Mehemet Ali, to investigate the mineral resources of that country, which appears to have resulted in the discovery of a somewhat productive gold district.

"The expedition," it is stated, "which left Cairo under Colonel Kavelovski, arrived at Cassen on the 16th of March. The next day he commenced his researches, with his Siberian assistants, on the eastern side of the river Somat. The Egyptian soldiers dug wells to the depth of 200 feet, when water appeared; the sand or material was then submitted to the process of washing."

"In an hour's journey from the river the colonel came to a place encompassed by small hillocks, not higher than 40 or 50 feet. He immediately decided that veins of gold would be found there, and directed that they should be dug into about half their height, ordering the excavated materials to be afterwards carefully examined. He continued these operations for six or seven days, the Siberian workmen washing the sands upon a drum. On the eighth day he concluded from the results that these sands were richer than those in many parts of Siberia; for 100 pounds of sand in Siberia produced but 25 habbas, whilst 100 pounds were yielding at Cassen from 50 to 52 habbas."

"On the ninth day the colonel directed his Russian workmen to prepare the machines for washing, whilst

he departed to make new researches with about 1000 Egyptian soldiers, using them occasionally for the works, and sometimes for personal safety."

"He made several experiments on the banks of the rivers Ramla, Dys, Gueka, and Benischangol, and afterwards at Sorgonti and Gamsil; this last river is about eight hours' journey south of Cassen. Here he found the sands considerably richer than those of Cassen."

"In his travels the colonel found quantities of argillaceous iron, rock-crystal, and zinc, but no other metals, nor any vestige or appearance of coal. On taking his departure from Cassen he left the works under the direction of two Arab engineers or mineralogists, who studied in Germany and Siberia."

"Colonel Kavelovski pronounces his final and decided opinion that the richest sands are to be found on the eastern bank of the Somat; and he does not believe that any other place which he has searched will produce results so favourable."

(3.) From California the latest accounts are quite ravishing. There are 5000 adventurers digging and washing away, as if their souls were in the sands, at the rate of an ounce of gold per quarter of an hour, if not per minute. A 25*lb* lump was picked up. The market price is 1*l.* per ounce, and the worth of a hundred dollars (say 20*l.*) the average amount of a day's work.

Five thousand diggers at 20*l.* a day is 100,000*l.*, in gross 36,500,000*l.* a year. Tolerable pickings! But only a yellow district of 200 or 300 miles, has yet been explored, and there is "no end" to the farther prospect. This is lucky, for there are thousands of emigrants on their way to occupy the ground and contest the plunder; respecting which, the chief difficulty seems to be how to bring it away, for not only do the mariners of the merchant vessels take leave of absence for the sport of gold-hunting, but the sailors of the United States ships of war desert *en masse*, to have a dig with the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Meanwhile our press teems with golden-hued intelligence. The Victoria theatre performs a *Voyage to California* successfully every night; and Mr. James Bruton, the entertaining comic singer, wins "golden opinions" and lots of applause, by singing a clever song, at public dinners, written, we believe, by himself, entitled "To California run for Gold," and celebrating the region as "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

Four Months among the Gold Finders in Alta-California. By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks (Bogue). This work contains many curious particulars. Mr. Brooks relates the story of the first discovery of the golden land by Mr. Marshall, and his communicating it to Captain Sutter, and then describes his own and his companions establishing themselves in the mining operations.

"I worked hard," he says, "as indeed we all did, the whole morning. The toil is very severe, the constant stooping pressing, of course, upon the spinal column, whilst the constant immersion of the hands in water causes the skin to excoriate and become exceedingly painful. But these inconveniences are slight when compared to the great gain by which one is recompensed for them. * * *

"It was really a motley scene. Indians strutted by in all the pride of gaudy calico, the manners of the savage concealed beneath the dress of the civilized man. Muscular sun-burnt fellows, whose fine forms and swarthy faces pronounced that Spanish blood ran through their veins, gossiped away with sallow, hatchet-faced Yankees, smart men at a bargain, and always on the look-out for squalls. Here and there one spied out the flannel shirt and coarse canvas trowsers of a seaman—a runaway, in all pro-

bability, from a South Sea whaler; while one or two stray negroes chattered with all the volubility of their race, shaking their woolly heads and showing their white teeth. I got into conversation with one tall American; he was a native-born Kentuckian, and full of the bantam sort of consequence of his race. He predicted wonderful things from the discovery of the mineral treasures of California, observing that it would make a monetary revolution all over the world, and that nothing similar, at least to so great an extent, was ever known in history. 'Look around! for, stranger,' said he to me, 'I guess you don't realize such a scene every day, and that's a fact. There's gold to be had for the picking of it up, and by all who choose to come and work. I reckon old John Bull will scrunch up his fingers in his empty pockets when he comes to hear of it. It's a most everlasting wonderful thing, and that's a fact, that beats Joe Dunkin's goose-pie and apple sarsie.'"

The party moved higher up the Fork, and our author, having some medicine in his possession, soon found out an easier and better trade than the laborious drudgery we have described.

"On my return to the tent I looked over our little stock of medicine, which I foresaw I should soon be required to use."

"On Monday we commenced operations in the old style—digging, fetching water, and rocking the cradle. The sun came blazing down with great power, causing headaches to most of the party, particularly Malcolm, who complained much. The day's taking was very good; we having realized nine ounces with one machine, and seven and a half with the other. At night, as Malcolm still continued to complain of his head, and as there was evidently a good deal of low fever about him, I gave him a dose of calomel and a febrifuge mixture, which by the morning produced a good deal of relief."

"Bradley made his appearance during the forenoon, after a fatiguing ride from Sutter's Fort. He had seen the Captain, had delivered the gold, and settled the transaction. We were hard at work the whole of to-day. In the evening a man came crawling into the tent to know if we had any medicines we would sell. I told him I was a doctor, and asked him what was the matter. He had been suffering from remittent fever of a low typhoid type. I gave him bark, and told him he must lay up and take care of himself. He said he would; but next day, during the intervals of fever, I saw him working away with his pan. The news of there being a doctor in the camp soon spread, and I am now being continually called on to prescribe for a large number of patients. An ounce of gold is the fee generally given me. This sort of work is as much more profitable as it is less laborious than working at the cradle. But the great drawback is, that one has to do something else beyond advising. People require physicking, and as I cannot submit to be deprived of the little stock of medicine I had brought with me in case of my own friends having occasion for it, I am obliged to give over practising in those cases where medicine is absolutely necessary."

"The native Californians, both Indians and whites, have an universal remedy for febrile affections, and indeed for sickness of almost any kind; this is the temascal, a sort of hot air bath, shaped not unlike a sentry box, and built of wicker-work, and afterwards plastered with mud until it becomes air-tight. There is one of these machines at the Weber Creek washings, which has been run up by the Indians during the last few days. One of them used it for the first time this afternoon, and to my surprise is still alive. After a great fire had been made up close to the door

—a narrow aperture just large enough for a little man to squeeze through—it was afterwards gradually allowed to burn itself out, having in the meantime heated to a very high degree the air in the interior of the bath. Into this the Indian screwed himself, and there remained until a profuse perspiration was produced, which he checked forthwith by a plunge into the chilly water of the river. Here he floundered about for a few minutes, and then crawled out and lay down exhausted on the ground."

Next there is a hostile attack of Indians, whom they defeat, but with the loss of Horry, a sailor lad, who was murdered and scalped. After getting together as much gold as they could, the means of conveyance to the coast became an inquiry of no small moment and great difference in opinion—

"At my suggestion," says the writer, "Malcolm had the strongest horse we possessed allotted to him, as it had been arranged that he should carry the bulk of the gold, and that Don Luis and Bradley, who were to take as much as they could carry in their saddle-bags, were to form the guard. This plan was adopted in preference to having a led horse, which it was thought would greatly impede their progress, and prevent the party from reaching the settlements on the Sacramento that night. Bradley and Don Luis each took with them eighteen pounds' weight of gold: Malcolm, who was unnumbered by anything, and merely carried a brace of pistols in his belt, took very nearly seventy pounds. To relieve Malcolm's horse as much as possible, three of us, who were to act as an escort within a few miles of the Sacramento Valley, were each to carry fifteen pounds' weight of the gold so far as we went. This escort was composed of Story, José, and myself."

They are attacked by robbers, Malcolm's horse driven off with its load of gold, and himself lassoed like a wild-horse, and nearly killed. The remaining gold was collected together and divided amid much quarrelling.

"It gave exactly four pounds two ounces a man—value seven hundred dollars. This, with six hundred and fifty dollars, my share of the gold deposited with Captain Sutter, and the dust, scales, and lumps, arising from my share of the sale of the cradles, and the produce at the Mormon diggings, before Lacosse and Biggs joined us, would amount, in the whole, to over fifteen hundred dollars. * * *

"I journeyed," he continues, "by slow marches along the banks of the Sacramento, passing several colonies of gold finders on my way. At noon I halted at one of these, and loitered some little time round about the camp. The rapidly-decaying vegetation—here unusually rank—was producing a malaria, and sickness was doing its ravages; but still the poor infatuated people, or rather such of them as were not prevented by positive inability, worked on until they sunk under the toil. Every one seemed determined to labour as hard as possible for the few weeks left before the rainy season set in, and the result was, that many of them met their deaths. There were others, though, who sought to enrich themselves with the shining gold by a quicker, and, perhaps, less dangerous process than all this weary toil."

"According to the accounts I heard, life and property were alike insecure. The report ran, that as soon as it became known that a man had amassed a large amount of gold, he was watched and followed about till an opportunity presented itself of quietly putting him out of the way. There had been but few known deaths, but the number of persons who had been missed, and whose own friends even had not thought it worth while to go in search of them, was very large. In every case the man's stock of gold was not to be found in his tent; still there was nothing surprising in this, as every one made a point of carrying his gold about him, no matter how heavy it might happen to be. One or two dead bodies had been found floating in the river, which circumstance was looked upon as indicative of foul play having taken place, as it was considered that the poorest of the gold-finders carried fully a sufficient weight of gold about them to cause their bodies to sink to the bottom

of the stream. Open attempts at robbery were rare; it was in the stealthy night-time that thieves prowled about, and, entering the little tents, occupied by not more than perhaps a couple of miners, neither of whom, in all probability, felt inclined to keep a weary watch over their golden treasure, carried off as much of it as they could lay their hands on. By way of precaution, however, almost every one slept with their bag of gold underneath their pillow, having a rifle or revolver within their reach."

"That same night I reached the camp of gold-washers, where Lacosse and the trapper had had their horses and packs of provisions stolen from them. The robbery, I believe, was committed by men almost on the verge of want, who thought it a more convenient way of possessing themselves of a stock of provisions than performing a journey to the lower settlements for that purpose would have been, and a cheaper way than purchasing them here, where they run scarce, and where the price of them is exorbitantly high. Other things are in proportion. Clothing of any description is hardly to be had at any price, and the majority of the miners go about in rags. Collected round a rude shanty, where brandy was being dispensed at a dollar a dram! I saw a group of ragged gold-diggers, the greater part of them suffering from fever, paying this exorbitant price for glass after glass of the fiery spirit; every drop of which they consumed was only aggravating their illness, and, in all probability, bringing them one step nearer to their grave."

"The big bony American, who treated Lacosse and the trapper in such a peremptory manner, and who seemed to be the terror of these diggings, was pointed out to me. I learnt, however, that he had accumulated a very large amount of gold, over sixteen thousand dollars' worth, it was said; and his suspicions that parties were lying in wait to plunder him of it, was the cause of his acting as he had done. He thought they only came to his shanty with an excuse, for the purpose of observing its weak points, and that no doubt they had a scheme in their heads for robbing him, either at night-time, or while he was absent digging and washing during the day. The men he had shot, it seems, were common thieves—one, a deserter from the garrison at Monterey, and the other, belonging to a similar band of robbers to that by which our party had been attacked, and our gold carried off."

Such are among the incidents of a four months' visit to the American El Dorado; and such the results and *status quo* when the author, we presume, gladly left it. But worse remained behind, for he writes from Monterey, October 11th—

"We expect to be inundated with emigrants, coming, I suppose, from every part of the world, and truly, for all I can tell, there will be gold enough for all."

"And now, the first question you will ask me is, whether I have made my fortune? I reply, my old bad luck has not forsaken me. I always seem to come in for monkey's allowance—more kicks than helpence. Three months ago I thought my fortune was made, and that I might come home a South American nabob. Nothing of the kind. Here I was, almost on the spot, when the first news of the gold was received. I have worked hard, and undergone some hardships, and, thanks to the now almost lawless state of this country, I have been deprived of the great mass of my savings, and must, when the dry season comes round again, set to work almost anew. I have but fourteen hundred dollars' worth of the precious metal remaining, and, with the rate of prices which now universally prevails here, that will not keep me much over a couple of months. My own case, though, is that of many others. As the number of diggers and miners augmented, robberies and violence became frequent. At first, when we arrived at the Mormon diggings, for example, everything was tranquil. Every man worked for himself, without disturbing his neighbour. Now the scene is widely changed indeed. When I was last there, as you will see by my diary, things were bad enough; but now, according to the reports we hear, no man, known to

be in possession of much gold, dare say, as he lays down his head at night, that he will ever rise from his pillow. The fact is, that there is no executive government of any strength here to put an end to this state of things. The country is almost a wilderness, whereof Indians are the principal inhabitants. The small force Colonel Mason has here has been thinned very materially by desertions, and the fidelity of those that remain is, according to the opinion of their commanding officer, not to be overmuch depended on."

"Of course, as you may expect, I am naturally much cast down at the turn which matters have taken—I mean as regards my own misfortune. It is heart-breaking to be robbed by a set of villains of what you have worked so hard for, and have undergone so much to obtain. I am in hopes, however, that my next gold campaign may be a more successful one."

Nous verrons! The parting advice is good—"I suppose that in England the people will be pricking up their ears when they learn what we are doing here, and that we shall have plenty of emigrants from home. I hardly like to advise upon the subject here; there certainly is a wonderful amount of gold. What the chances of obtaining it and getting it taken home may be next season, I know not. At all events, the pursuit will be difficult in the extreme, and tolerably dangerous also."

The Gold-Seeker's Manual. By D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S. Van Voorst.

Professor Ansted has, as might be expected from him, given us an interesting epitome of the distribution of gold in "the world," i. e. the surface of the earth; for men of science or literature can have no pretension or right to know anything about the distribution of gold in the social world. Yet it is strange to hear that, except iron, gold is the metal most widely found on the globe—crust we inhabit: yet it is so scantily spread, that the "auriferous deposit" very seldom repays the labour and expense of separating from its soil.

"Nearly all the gold of commerce has for a long time been obtained from Asiatic Russia, Brazil, Transylvania, Africa, the East Indian islands, and Carolina in the United States; the whole annual supply being estimated at about 80,000 pounds weight, and its value being about five millions sterling. This however must be regarded as only an approximate value of the average of several years, as the supplies have for some time been increasing rapidly from the Russian mines."

Upon the California mania itself the Professor has no intelligence beyond what is common to the readers of the newspapers, but his geological and statistical information, which is of infinite importance to the grand golden universal question, not only enables us to form a judgment upon the probable consequences of this new wonder, but to speculate upon the finding of veins in the mountainous regions above, from which the ravines, gullies, and streams have been charged with this most extraordinary deposit."

Wyld's Geographical and Mineralogical Notes, and Map of the Gold Regions, we referred to, a fortnight ago; and there is also before us a *Guide to California* (Wilson), made from official documents, and if we were going there, we should certainly slip the little sixpenn-orth in the big pocket we had prepared to receive the dust.

The proposition, at the present moment, seems to stand thus, in the logic we heard ascribed to it by an Operative (that is the fancy name for a workman or travelling tinker):—"There is a place as belongs to nobody, leastwise nobody has no control over it. It is at the same time so full of gold, d'y see, it must make a good many somebodies. Vy then, Dick; let's have a pick—let's emigrant to Collyforny."

The motto might well be from Hamlet—

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade;

Aye, and a winding sheet!"

yet it seems as if a good many have been, and a good many more will be, disposed of without the ceremony of the sheet.

REVOLUTIONARY ITALY.

A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, &c. By Charles MacFarlane. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Our author is a good hot Tory, and no mistake. He does not even coquet with the altered name of Conservatism. He is plain spoken, undisguised, out and out the genuine character, which writers on the other side would endeavour to make us believe were as extinct as the Dodo or Solitaire. We do not like a man the worse for being strong in his principles and opinions; and the only reason we ever have for allying to such facts is, that be he Whig, Tory, Liberal, Radical, Chartist, Socialist, or Communist, it is expedient to hold the circumstance in view whilst weighing the statements and arguments of the party, and making certain allowances for colouring and effects, which do not provoke any censure, but ought not to be lost sight of in the endeavour to reach the truth.

By much experience, great travel, years of residence among the people, a mind sedulously cultivated, and a thorough intimacy with the languages and literature required for his task, Mr. MacFarlane was highly fitted to undertake it. And he thus speaks of its performance:—

"In wishing every good to the Italians, and ultimate success to their too-hurried scheme of nationality and union, I could not but condemn the violent factious men, the visionary republicans and impracticable rhetoricians, who have misled the more active portion of the people, and have spoiled their chance of success. Nor would my literary conscience permit me to indulge in that *suppression veri* which some of my Italian friends seem to consider necessary or favourable to the cause they have in hand. I have narrated that which I saw and heard precisely as I saw and heard it. If I have said more of the extreme liberal or anarchical party than of any other, it is because that party was loudest and most active, and constantly on the scene; and because I believe that faction to be answerable for so many evils which have taken place, and for so much mischief which is yet in prospect. I may please no party whatever, because I have endeavoured to tell the truth of all: I shall be cursed by the fanatics of 'Young Italy,' but I shall not forfeit the good opinion of the friends of rational liberty, nor lose the affection of those in the country whose friendship, for the most part, dates from twenty-five to thirty years ago."

He sets off with the Italian group in Constantinople; and the description is a lively one.

"At the time," he relates, "of our arrival there was a pleasant lull in the storm. All the Italians were wondrously united by love and admiration of the reforming Pope; and while the enthusiasts were anticipating a perfect millennium, all looked forward to a greatly improved state of things in their native country. 'Long life to the Pope!' (*Viva Pio Nono*!) were words chinked upon the walls, and written on paper, and placarded at the turning of nearly every street in the Christian suburbs; and the heads of sundry Greeks had been broken, for that, in their schismatic hatred and jealousy, they had defaced some of these inscriptions. Liberals, who had never been seen in the churches before, but who had often been seen insulting or mocking the Catholic clergy of the place, went now regularly to mass or to prayers said for the Pope. Nay, it was said that some of them—believers in no gospel except the gospel according to Helvetius, or D'Alembert, or Diderot, or Voltaire, or Rousseau—had carried their condescension or their gratitude so far as to kneel in public at the confessional, and, after confession, to take absolution from the monk or priest with contrite countenances. I believe that it was the second Sunday after our arrival that they had a grand celebration up in Pera, to rejoice at Pope Pius's happy or miraculous escape from assassination at Rome. There were those who did not believe that there had been any attempt to murder his Holiness, but who shrewdly suspected that that conspiracy had been gotten up by the Liberals to answer their own purposes and bind the Pope the more to their party. But let this pass.

I, for one, am contented to leave it among 'Historical Doubts.' In the morning they had a grand chanted mass and Te Deum in one of the Catholic churches; in the evening they had a subscription dinner at Blondel's Hôtel de France; and at night they made grand illuminations all along 'Les Petits Champs des Morts,' or smaller Turkish cemetery. 'Viva Pio Nono!' was set forth in gigantic letters, composed of illumination-lamps; there were other inscriptions, and a lighting of blue lights and a letting off of fire-works; and a great deal of music played by a strolling band, and much mixing of whiskers and beards and hugging and kissing among the patriots. We did not see the *feats*, having gone away the preceding evening to the Sultan's model farm at St. Stefano. We were, however, assured that the celebration went off joyously and harmoniously; that at the dinner they toasted his Sardinian Majesty Charles Albert, after his Holiness the Pope; that some of the Liberals were considerably excited by M. Blondel's champagne; and that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting except a difficulty on the part of some of the patriots to pay their share of the reckoning.

"As the Pope took further strides on the road of reform, and as Charles Albert assumed a more warlike and defiant attitude towards Austria, the expatriated patriots became louder in their talk, and higher in their pretensions. They began to wear tri-colour ribbons—the green, white, and red, being the tri-colours of Italy—and not satisfied with wearing these badges themselves, they pretended that every Italian in Turkey, or son, or grandson, or great-grandson of an Italian, should also wear them. Even in the shipping which arrived in port they would not tolerate the Bourbon flag of Naples, or the flag of Austria in Venetian or Dalmatian ships, or in any Italian vessel, any other flag than the revolutionary tricolour—a flag which had not been acknowledged by any power whatsoever. Although it was not easy to discover how such a functionary or such a mission could affect the Italian cause, these liberals attached an amazing deal of importance to the coming of Bishop Ferrieri, the Pope's nuncio and envoy to Sultan Abdul Medjid. At length, in January, 1848, it was officially announced that the Nuncio had embarked on board of a Genoese man-of-war, belonging to the Pope's ally, Charles Albert, and that he might be expected at Constantinople in a few days. The Italian colonists called a grand meeting to deliberate and decide upon the best means of giving the Nuncio a splendid reception. They voted the erection of a triumphal arch, with appropriate inscriptions, down in Galata; they voted that the whole body of the Italians, attired in their best, and wearing tri-colour scarfs and cockades, should meet the most reverend Signor at the landing place on the Golden Horn; they voted that there should be a long procession of flags, and that a large tri-colour flag, with the inscription, 'Union and Independence of all Italy,' should head the procession in going and returning. Placards were printed and stuck up, containing the abstracts of these votes, together with a call upon every Italian in the country to be present on the occasion, and to comport himself as a true Italian patriot and unionist. Count Sturmer, the Austrian ambassador to the Porte, who had been frequently annoyed and vexed before, took umbrage at the union and independence banner; and, representing to the Porte that a very considerable part of Upper Italy belonged to his master the Emperor, he obtained from Reschid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and from Ali Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, a positive order that the Italian processionists should not carry the national or revolutionary flag. They were left free to carry any other flag, device, or emblem. The chiefs of the movement party decided that, as they could not carry the tri-colour national banner, they would carry nothing at all, and get up no procession to receive the Nuncio. They put out flaming papers in print to this effect. Count Sturmer received menacing and truculent letters; and Reschid Pasha, as head of this absolute government of Turkey, was applied to, as one that ought to be favourable to Italian unionism

and constitutionalism; and those who addressed him did not neglect to remind him of those days when the Turks were thundering at the gates of Vienna, and those other days when Austria, conquering Belgrade, was strong along the line of the Danube, and threatened the walls of Constantinople.

"At last the Nuncio arrived."

We copy this picture as a sample, but do not pretend to pursue the changes which followed in rapid succession, till all this ferment became a boiling cauldron in a quite opposite ebullition of liberalism or patriotism.

Arrived at Messina, Mr. MacFarlane furnishes a brief, which their adversaries might use if they wished to impeach Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, Lord Napier, Mr. Temple, and Admiral Parker. The author bitterly condemns them for every part of their conduct, and goes at length into circumstantial details throughout Italy to support his charges. The native patriots are not handled with more respect:—

"I have (he says) lived much among boasting, braggadocio nations or peoples, but I never heard such vapouring as among these unwashed Messinese patriots. We walked over nearly the whole of the city: everywhere the same armed and turbulent mobs. We could scarcely see a man working at his trade, or pursuing any peaceful occupation. If the fellows had been drilling, or even learning the goose-step, it would have been something, but they were engaged in nothing but talk—loud talk, vehement disputations, and with such violent contortions of countenance, and such gesticulations as can be made only by Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Greeks. Beggars of the town, and famishing peasants from the mountains—men and women, old and young, squalling infants, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and the representatives of nearly all other human calamities—were swelling the horrible discord. In the main street the noise was astounding. It was a scene of Dante's Hell."

So discontented is Mr. MacFarlane with the proceedings of our representatives at Naples, that he ends one chapter with the following tirade:—

"Of all the corps in our service there is not one which so much needs revision and reform as the *corps diplomatique*. It is extravagantly costly, and in general miserably inefficient. Where it is not dissipated, negligent, slothful, it is perversely active; where it is active in intermeddling with the internal policy of a country, it is notoriously careless of the interests of British subjects living in or trading with that country. It has adopted as a principle that such interests are not to be allowed to interfere with local political views and plans for reform and regeneration."

Mr. Whiteside, whose travels in Italy were reviewed at considerable length in recent *Literary Gazettes*, is often severely snubbed by the present author, who says he never got a footing in Neapolitan society, and, in short, both in Naples and elsewhere, wrote a great deal about matters of which he knew little or nothing.

The disorder and disorganization reigning throughout Italy show a miserable condition of society. Turbulence and bloodshed, the destruction of commerce and trade, the want of employment and the pauperism of the people generally, are scarcely to be compensated by any political movement. Literature is at an end, and except caricatures and rabid factious pamphlets, the book-shops of the country might as well deal in macaroni.* The greatest democrats are

* "The town of Foligno was all in a bustle, for it was a head-quarter of liberalism and clubbism, and abounded with national guardsmen and other men fiercely bearded. Matrons might have been stuffed with the croppings of these long black beards of the patriots of Foligno. A printing-press was hard at work in the main street, striking off inflammatory placards and unauthorised proclamations; and in the bookseller's shop attached to the printing establishment they were vending inflammatory trash that was enough to make an explosion and blow the town to pieces. There was a translation of Lamartine's historical romance called the 'History of the Girondins,' and in which the romanticism prevails over the historical in about the same proportion that the whisky prevails over the water in the toddy of a hard-drinking Highlander: there were the works of Vincenzo Gioberti, the great apostle of Italian Unitarianism,

distinguished by their hispid countenances. Thus, a fellow on whose face you can only discern the tip of a nose and something of the eyes, is a liberal of the first water—an Italian Sanson; but a poor soul who can neither get whiskers, mustachios, or beard to grow black and bushy, is set down as a bare-faced rascal unworthy the name of Italy.

From the extremely political nature of these volumes, and our known avoidance of such themes, it may be inferred that, with all our appreciation of the abilities of the author, we are not inclined to follow him systematically, or at much length in our notice of his work. We must, indeed, content ourselves with only a few farther miscellaneous illustrations—*ex. gr.* :—

"Go into any asylum for the insane in Italy, and count the number of the patients, and you will find that there are more mad priests than there are madmen of any other profession or calling. The law against nature—the forced celibacy of the Roman clergy—where strictly observed, is notoriously inductive to insanity. In many cases, and perhaps in the majority, this is manifested in a premature dotage, and a quiet drivelling idiotcy; but in others it assumes the strong maniacal form, and when such subjects keep to 'the reasoning show,' and are not considered maniacs, but only enthusiasts, and are left at large, it may be faintly imagined what a combustion takes place when the madness of politics is mixed up with their own insanity. In the great cities the poverty of many of the priests, who have no benefices, no employment, no source of revenue whatever, beyond the small and precarious masses they may be hired to perform, naturally disposes them to desperate schemes and desperate means. With them it is revolutionism of the belly; but there are other, and saner, and more opulent, and altogether higher members of this overstocked hierarchy, who—always making an allowance in favour of Padre Gavazzi—have greased the wheels of the revolutionary machine more than the maniacal or the hungry priesthood."

The sale of articles of virtù in Rome, on which many families depended for bread, is at a full stop; and a dealer tells Mr. MacFarlane,—

"When one can sell no mosaics, and gets up in the morning out of humour, and goes to bed every night with ruin staring him closer and closer in the face, there comes a *berechcino* and talks to him about the unity and independence of Italy, and the rights of man!"

"There were many Romans who were singing the same *Miserere* as my dealer in mosaics. The hotels were empty, absolutely void; the lodging-houses were shut up; the hackney coachmen forlorn, the ciceroni desperate! * * *

"Giuseppe Mazzini has told us that there was a Rome of a bloody aristocratic republic, a Rome of the Cæsars, a Rome of the Popes, and that all this Rome was bad and damnable; but that the Rome of the people was yet to come. It is come! and about the

down to the last pamphlet which the post had brought from Turin (but this last pamphlet, though new in Foligno, would be old by to-day in Turin, for Gioberti—eternally scribbling—seems to publish a pamphlet as often and as regularly as he eats his daily dinner: there were the political ravings of that stark mad Bolognese friar, Padre Gavazzi; and there were the drawing, and yet (to un instructed Italians) exciting addresses and democratic visions of the Leghorn lawyer, Guerrazzi, who has been turned into a statesman and a minister of state, because he had written two long-winded Italian historical romances (not above the level of those that are manufactured in England by scores every year), and because he had made frequent use of the word 'Patria,' and had echoed the cuckoo song of Gioberti, that the Italians were, are, and ever will be, the first people in the world: there were the political works of Massimo Azeglio, another writer of historical romances, and not to mention others of less note, the prose works of Giuseppe Mazzini, who had done his best at Milan to make a desperate cause still more desperate by thwarting Charles Albert because he was a king, and by preaching a perfectibilian republicanism of his own invention. Except this precious political pabulum, there was nothing in the shop but certain atrocious libels against the King of Naples, and little treatises upon drill, &c., for the benefit of the citizen-soldiers. I could not see a single copy of any of the old historians, or poets, who have conferred such glory upon modern Italy, and who are held as classics in every civilized country upon earth. I saw nothing but the writings of the present day—nothing but wild, impracticable politics, trash and bombast."

worst wish that an enemy could bestow upon this demagogue is, that he should be condemned to live in it."

Florence succeeds to Rome, and is delineated with the same Salvator pencilling—a picture full of savagery, and bearded, braggart ruffians and assassins. Pisa, Lucca, Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, all the same—all revolutionary and disturbed, to the annihilation of every useful and comfortable concern in life. Retrogression and not progression is the order of the day; and so fierce is the feeling of the leaders of these new designs, that even Sylvio Pellico is now despised as a man who has no patriotism in his bosom.

NEW MEDICAL BOOKS.

1. *Observations on Aneurism, and its treatment by Compression.* By O'Bryen Bellingham, M.D., &c. &c. 12mo, pp. 181. Churchill.
2. *Consumption of the Lungs and Asthma, arrested and cured in the majority of cases by Inhalation, and other rational means.* By Daniel Carr, M.D., 12mo, pp. 202. Wilson.
3. *A Guide to the Examination of the Urine in Health and Disease, for the use of Students.* By Alfred Markwick, Surgeon, &c. 12mo, pp. 155. Churchill.
4. *Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma: their Causes, Symptoms, and Rational Treatment.* By T. H. Yeoman, M.D. 12mo, pp. 82. Low.
5. *Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, the Causes, Symptoms, and Rational Treatment, with means of prevention.* By T. H. Yeoman, M.D. 12mo, pp. 80. Low.
6. *A description of the Structure and Functions of the Human Skin; to which are added some practical remarks on the uses and application of the Impermeable Spongio Piline and Impermeable Piline.* By Alfred Markwick, Surgeon, &c. Small 12mo, pp. 137. The Epithem Company.
7. *The Medical Touchstone; or Medicine extricated, &c. &c., with the principles, philosophy, and practice of Homœopathy.* By Hamilton Fitzwilliams. 12mo, pp. 161. Claridge and Co.
8. *The Death Blow to He or Man Midwifery; or Hints based on Truth and Fact, &c. &c.* By Hamilton Fitzwilliams. 12mo, pp. 54. Claridge and Co.
9. *Memoranda on Poisons.* By T. H. Tanner, M.D., late House Physician to King's College Hospital. 16mo, pp. 63. Renshaw.
10. *An Essay on the Teeth.* By Augustus Cook. 12mo, pp. 75. Churchill.

No. 1. Every step made towards establishing the efficacy of any plan of treatment that shall supersede the ligature and the severe operation attendant upon it, is a step in a right direction. Dr. O'Bryen Bellingham discusses the treatment of aneurism, both by compression (upon the *modus operandi* of which he has a theory of his own) and galvano-puncture. A sufficient number of experiments have not been made as yet to determine the merits of the latter plan, but with respect to compression there can no longer be any doubt, that when the situation of the aneurismal sac permits of its application, it possesses eminent advantages over the old established practice.

No. 2. Dr. Carr does not make much pretension to novelty in his little treatise on consumption, but it appears to be a judicious and useful compilation, and contains more detailed information on the subject of inhalation than we have met with elsewhere.

No. 3. This is a strictly professional work, and a great boon to the practising physician as well as to the student. The great impulse that has lately been given to the study of chemical pathology, has thrown considerable light on many obscure subjects, and effected the solution of various difficult and hitherto uncomprehended problems; and it was highly essential that these researches should be brought before the profession in an available form.

Nos. 4 and 5, Dr. Yeoman's two little treatises, apply themselves to subjects so closely allied that they may fairly be spoken of together. That such books were wanted we cannot conscientiously admit; unless a physician has something new to advance, he

only increases an old evil by the multiplication of works. If, however, for purposes to us unknown, physicians will set themselves tasks and print them, all we are bound to acknowledge is an average amount of talent and research, which reflects credit on the author, but obtains for him little professional honour or scientific distinction.

No. 6, Mr. Markham's second little book, is a puff oblique for the Epithem company. The value of the so-called impermeable spongio piline and impermeable piline is now so generally admitted, and the success of their uses and application so well attested, that we should have imagined this to be unnecessary.

Nos. 7 and 8. Mr. Hamilton Fitzwilliams is a gentleman of such strong prejudices that it would be vain to attempt to confute his particular opinions. To a person who can write as follows, of what avail can mere argument be?

"I think I hear some of my readers proposing the question—Were you married, what would you do? My answer is—Were the urgency of the case to demand male agency, and I did not feel inclined or competent to undertake the office, I would stand over the touching and tailing 'gent,' with a drawn sword, or a blunderbuss double shot, to restrain him from his vile practices; and if I observed any tendency on his part to put them into practice, or any indication of the approval of them on the part of my wife, I would drive a ball into the scone, or slip a bit of cold steel into the weasand of the one; and turn 'to the right about,' and be off 'at double quick time,' in respect to the other. The man who would do otherwise must be a chicken-hearted, white-livered wretch! This is my advice. I have none other to offer. Believe me, it would be of omnipotent efficacy."

No. 9. One of those valuable little pocket companions for the publication of which the profession is so much indebted to Mr. Renshaw. No medical man should be without it.

No. 10. Mr. Augustus Cook appears to be a person qualified to get on in his profession as a dentist. His little book attests familiarity with his subject, and so much practical good sense that he deserves encouragement.

CENTO OF POETRY.

Poems by Eliza Cook. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A trine of volumes to a poet is, like one of those in the prophetic almanacks, an important sign, and predictive of influence and fame. To this honour has our fair friend duly and honestly reached, by a number of compositions which have justly become popular within the boundaries of the English language. They are the offspring of nature and feeling; some homely, and imparting pleasure to the homes of the refined as well as the lowly; some more ambitious in subject and treatment, and all dictated by that love of kind which makes Genius earnest in every effort to promote the welfare of our fellow creatures. We have often been seduced to bestow our meed of praise on the productions of the author, and it is with pleasure we observe that the novelities in this edition fully bear out the reputation she has so fairly achieved. Here is one of her simple melodies, like the best of former days:—

"THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"The village church is passing gay,
The bells gush out in merry tune,
A flag is o'er the turret grey,
The porch holds all the flowers of June,
For Youth and Beauty come to wed,
With bounding form and beaming eye—
With all the rapture Love can shed,
And all the hope that Gold can buy;
And children twine with noisy glee,
White favours round the cypress tree.

"An old man sitteth on a grave,
His steps no more are firm and fast;
And slenderly his white locks wave,
As breeze and butterfly go past.
A gentle smile lights up his face,
And then he turns to gaze around;
For he has come to choose the place
Where he shall sleep in hallowed ground:
'Just by yon daisy patch,' saith he,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I'd have it be.'

"The bridal hearts in triumph glow,
With all the world before them yet;
The old man's pulse beats calm and slow,
Like sun rays, lengthening as they set.
They see the fancied hours to come,
He sees the real days gone by;
They deem the earth a fairy home,
He thinks it well that man should die.
Oh, goodly sight—it should be so—
Youth glad to stay—Age fit to go!"

A prayer, closing an address rather *dogrelly* to the Pope, though fervently put up, has not been fulfilled—

"All honour to 'the Pope'!
Long life and Fame to 'Pius'!
The world's heart still may hope,
While such as he stand by us."

It is dangerous now-o-days to speculate upon any thrones or political events. The poor Pope could not stand by himself; far less "by Us," except in the representative person and precepts of Dr. M'Hale!

Some very affecting stanzas to William Thom, the Inverury poet, are, we trust, only imaginative in expressing kindred woes—

"O'er thy draught of sorrow, Willie,
I have hung with smileless lip;
The cup is sad to borrow, Willie,
Yet a kindred one will sip."

We are glad to seek refuge in a lighter fancy, in "Lines among the Leaves," though with a teaching and touching moral close:—

"Have ye heard the west wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

"A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

"Another tale 'tis telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

"The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

"Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whistle,
That remindeth of the missal
And the cow.

"Another lay it giveth,
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing trouble,
Like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

"A varied theme it utters,
Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

"It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

"It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tidings,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

"A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

"Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now sifting and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

"Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirling
In the boughs?"

"Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms awaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

"Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine."

"Summer Days" is another sweet poem, though we quote only one verse, for a brilliant line—

"Oh! the summer days are bright,
And I long to mark their glory,
When the lark talks to the light,
Till the gleesome bird of night
Goes on with the fairy story."

"Love," too, is finely sung, as the following stanzas will testify:—

"There's not a dark, dull coffin-board but what has stood to bear
A swarm of summer warblers in the mellow greenwood air;
There's not a thread of cere-cloth but has held its blossom bells,
And swung the morning pearls about within the fragrant wells.

"Love lurketh round us everywhere—it fills the great design,
It gives the soul its chosen mate—it loads the autumn vine;
It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm in silk,
It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth corn and milk.

"Love stirreth in our beings all unbidden and unknown,
With aspirations leaping up like fountains from the stone;
It prompts the great and noble deeds that nations hail with pride,
It moveth when we grieve to miss an old dog from our side.
It bids us plant the sapling to be green when we are grey,
It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we stay;
It opens the Almighty page where—though 'tis held afar,
We read enough to lure us on still higher than we are.

"The child at play upon the sward, who runs to snatch a flower,
With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the hour—
The dotting student—pale and meek—who looks into the night,
Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal might:—

"The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage to the sun,
Asking for other 'hunting-fields' when life's long chase is run—
The poet boy who sitteth down upon the upland grass,
Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the Zephyr wings that pass:—

"The weak old man that creepeth out once more before he dies,
With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his eyes—
Oh! these are the unerring types that Nature setteth up,
To tell that an Elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

"Love, beautiful and boundless Love, thou dwellest here below,
Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to blow;
Thine is the breath ethereal that yet exhales and burns
In sinful breasts as incense steals from dim unsightly urns."

The playfulness in an address to "Winter," offers a different strain:—

"Oh, Winter, old Winter! for many a year
You and I have been friends, but I sadly fear
That your blustering nights and stormy days
Will have no more of my love or my praise.

"There was a time when I used to look
You full in the face on the frost-bound brook;
When I laughed to see you lock up the ale,
And fetter the mop to the housemaid's pail.

"It was fun to see you redder a nose,
Benumb little fingers, and pinch great toes;
To hear you swear in a nor'-west blast,
As your glittering sledge-car rattled past.

"I've greeted you, come what there might in your train,
The hurricane wind or the deluging rain;
I've even been kind to your sleet and your fog,
When folks said 'twas n't weather to turn out a dog.'

"I've welcomed you over, and tuned each string
To thank and applaud you for all you bring;
I've raced on your slides with joyous folly,
And pricked my fingers in pulling your holly.

"But you treat me so very unfairly now,
That, indeed, old fellow, we must have 'a row,'
Though your tyrannous conduct's so fiercely uncouth,
That I hardly dare venture 'to open my mouth.'

"I tremble to hear you come whistling along,
For my breathing gets weak as yours grows strong;
And I crouch like my hound in the fire's warm blaze,
And eagerly long for the solstice rays.

"You may spit your snow, but you need not make
My cheek as white as the icicle flake;
You may darken the sky, but I cannot tell why
You should spitefully seek to bedim my eye.

"You sent old Christmas parading the land,
With his wassail cup and minstrel band;
But you griped me hard when the sports began,
Crying, 'Drink if you dare, and dance if you can.'

"It is true I had proffers of meat and of wine,
Which, with honest politeness, I begged to decline;
For with drams antimonial I cannot agree,
And I quarrel with beef when 'tis made into tea.

"Others may go to the revel and rout,
They may feast within and ramble without;
But I must be tied to the chimney side,
Lest Death, on his white horse, ask me to ride.

"The wise ones say I must keep you away,
If I wish not to see my brown locks turn grey;
That your motive is base, for you're lying in wait
To carry me off through the churchyard gate.

"Oh, Winter! old Winter! such usage is sad,
You're a brute, and a traitor, and everything bad;
But, like many dear friends, you are stinging the breast
That has trusted you most and has loved you the best."

We conclude with a ballad, "'Tis a Wild Night at Sea," which reminds us of that sung by *Barbara*, (see *Shakspeare, Othello*.)

"The clouds arose in a giant shape,
And the wind with a piercing gust—
Dark as a murderer's mask of craze,
And sharp as a poniard thrust.

"Thicker and wider the gloom stretched out
With a flush of angry red;
Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
And the forest bent its head.

"A maiden looked from a lattice pane
Toward where the ocean lay;
And her gaze was fixed with earnest strain
On the beacon, leagues away.

"She knew that he who had won her soul
Was getting close to land;
And she clutched at every thunder roll
With a hard convulsive hand.

"He had promised he would sail no more
To far and fearful climes;
He had talked of a cottage on the shore,
And the sound of wedding chimes.

"They had loved each other many a year,
They had grown up side by side;
She had reckoned the days—his ship must be near—
He was coming to claim his bride.

"An old crone passed the lattice pane,
'God help us all!' quoth she;
'Tis bad on the mountain, but worse on the main,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"The maiden heard, but never stirred
Her gaze from the beacon lamp;
Her heart alone felt a sepulchre stone
Roll up to it, heavy and damp.

"A grey-haired mariner looked around,—
'Here's a wind,' cried he:
'May God preserve the homeward bound;
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"The maiden heard, yet never stirred
Her eyes from the distant part;
But shadow was thrown upon the stone,
And the stone was over her heart.

"The lightning blades fenced fierce and long,
The blast wings madly flew;
But Morning came with the skylark's song
And an arch of spotless blue.

"Morning came with a tale too true,
As sad as tale could be;
'A Homeward bound' went down with her crew—
'Twas a wild night at sea!'

"The maiden heard, yet never stirred,
Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow;
But moss had grown on the sepulchre stone,
And it covered a skeleton now.

"Summer and Winter came and went
With their frosty and flowery time;
Autumn branches lusciously bent,
And Spring-buds had their prime.

"The maiden still is in her home,
But not a word breathes she;
Save those that sealed her spirit doom,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"The hedge-row thorn is out again,
And her cheek is as pale as the bloom;
She bears a wound whose bleeding pain
Can only be stanch'd by the tomb.

"Children show her the violet bed
And where young doves will be;
But they hear her say, as she boweth her head,
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

"She may be seen at the lattice pane
When the climbing moon is bright;
With the gaze distraught of a dreaming brain
Toward the beacon height.

"There's not a cloud a star to shroud,
The song-birds haunt the tree;
But she faintly sighs, as the dew-drops rise,
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

"Golden beams of a sunny June
The world with light are filling;
Till the roses fall asleep at noon
O'er the draught of their own distilling.

"The maiden walks where aspen stalks
Only move with the moth and bee;
But she sigheth still with shivering chill,
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

"Her beautiful Youth has withered away,
Sorrow has eaten the core;
But, weak and wan, she lingereth on
Till the thorn is white once more.

"There are bridal robes at the old church porch,
And orange bloom so fair;
The merry bells say, 'tis a wedding day,
And the priest has blessed the pair.

"The maiden is under the churchyard yew,
Watching with hollow eye;
Till the merry bells race with faster pace,
And the bridal robes go by.

"She dances out to the ding-dong tune,
She laughs with raving glee;
And Death endeth the dream in her requiem scream,
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

A most fervent poetical dedication to Miss Charlotte Cushman ushers in these volumes.

BEAUTY IN ART.

Fergusson's Historical Inquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art.

[Second notice.—Conclusion.]

PROCEEDING to finish our too limited review of this diversified work, we are obliged to omit all notice of the author's philological and chronological speculations; and have now only to offer a few of his remarks on Rome and the Romans:—

"The Romans, it is generally supposed, borrowed the practice of gladiator fights from the Etruscans; and it appears tolerably certain that the latter did practise them, though, perhaps, only in later times, or at funeral games. Still it is difficult to understand whence the Rasena could have brought them, certainly not from Asia; and it does not appear that they were so much the fashion in Etruria proper, as in Capua and some of the remoter cities of the league; so that I should feel inclined to assume them to have been rather the games of the Umbrians, who, it must be recollected, dwelt with the Etruscans in all their cities, and of the native Oscan tribes, than of the peaceful, blood-hating Rasena. On the other hand, the single combat and duel, in all their forms, appear so eminently a characteristic of the Indo-Germanic races, that I should feel inclined to ascribe not only their invention, but their use, solely to them. But here we are met by the previous inquiry, What do we know of the Rasena and their customs? and till these are better answered than we can do at present, it is idle to speculate on such questions. Wherever they came from, it is only a bloody, warlike race, like the Romans, who could have carried them to the extent they did. Nowhere, I believe, in the history of the world, was so much human blood spilt for mere amusement; and it was impossible that Rome should escape the curse of brutality and debasement which the crimes of the arena alone were sufficient to bring upon her. But she revelled and gloried in them more than in any of her institutions, and the greatest and most splendid ruins she has left us are the edifices dedicated to these bloody rites, which, strange to say, we read of without horror, and, if anything, rather with admiration.

"The Triumphs were another institution, which, though copied from the Etruscans, or those who lived with them, continued from the earliest times till the reign of Constantine, formed most important epochs in her history, and gave rise to another class

of buildings infinitely inferior in size to the amphitheatres, but in the same style of architecture—namely, constructive arches, with columns used merely as ornaments. They, however, depended for their decoration more on sculpture than architecture. Still, the construction here so completely overpowers the decorative part that they are in very much better taste than most of the Roman buildings, and might easily have been improved into objects of great beauty."

[Details are dwelt upon, and plans, sections, &c., given.]

"Another class of monuments, as characteristic of Rome as any of these, and as peculiar to her position in the world, are the baths or thermæ, the gigantic remains of which still excite astonishment among the ruins of the imperial city. Except the amphitheatre, none of her buildings can be compared with them in mass, and when complete they probably were far more beautiful as artistic productions, as no buildings could more emphatically be objects of luxury than they were, or less restricted by any utilitarian exigencies. Unfortunately, we have not any good means of judging of what the effect of them really was; for though they have been measured and restored fifty times over, I do not know of one plan or restoration on which dependence can be placed, or in which the architect or antiquary has not been more anxious to bring forward his own learning or taste than to reproduce facts as he found them.

"Those of Pompeii are so small, the principal apartment being scarcely 50 feet by 18, that it is scarce worth while to reproduce them here as monuments; while those of Rome are so immense, the principal mass of building—in those of Caracalla, for instance—being in itself 720 feet by 390, exclusive of the projecting dome, it makes it even less worth the trouble of engraving it, unless it could be done in a trustworthy manner. In an historical point of view, few works would be more interesting than a good illustration of these extraordinary buildings; but, from their age, they could not possess much artistic merit; nor could we learn anything in construction from them, nor anything applicable to an attempt to introduce baths into this country on a more extended scale than has hitherto been done. Such baths as those of Rome could only exist in a city so peculiarly situated as ancient Rome, into which, from accidental circumstances, the wealth of the world was poured, so as not only to enable her inhabitants to erect such enormous edifices for such purposes, but where also the bulk of the citizens could afford to pass the greater part of their time in idleness and sensual gratification. Other cities have become rich by commercial industry, or great from the intellectual energy of their inhabitants; to neither of these were such edifices applicable, but only to the mistress of a subject world, living on the industry of others, or on the spoil or tribute which, from her position, she was able to wring from subject kingdoms or conquered provinces. There could be few chapters more illustrative of the history of Rome, though none, probably, less applicable to any of the countries of Europe under almost any conceivable circumstances.

"Another singular class of monuments that throw much light on the history of Rome are the tombs. As an Indo-Germanic race, it is not a little startling, at first sight, to find them possessing tombs at all; but when we bear in mind the strong Etruscan element that pervades all their civilization, and peeps out now and then when least expected, their tombs not only become intelligible monuments, but, under the empire, represent the element which, so far as written history is concerned, we lose sight of on the extinction of the early kingdom. As works of art, they are generally better than most other Roman buildings; indeed, they seem to have copied the Etruscan tomb or Grecian cenotaph, with far less attempt at their own clumsy invention, than in almost any other class of buildings, and some of them are of considerable beauty and suitable solemnity of appearance. It is true, however, that they are so completely ruined, that we have but little means of judging of what the true effect of the great ones of

the empire must have been when complete; and one cannot help suspecting that, like everything Roman, they are far more beautiful in decay and ruin than when displaying the gorgeous vulgarity of their designers. The taste displayed in them was probably bad, but still not without a sense of that power which sheds a melancholy tinge of greatness over everything Roman, even her crimes. Generally speaking, the greater ones, such as those of Augustus or Hadrian, or that of Cecilia Metella, were circular in form, like the tumuli of the Etruscans, which they resembled in most respects, only that with the Romans, as might be expected, the low circular basement that surrounded them was magnified into a principal object, so that at last they assumed more the form of a circular tower with a conical roof than that of a tumulus. In their smaller tombs, the Romans copied the rectangular rock-cut or structural tombs of their prototypes, only adding a few inappropriate pilasters or three-quarter Greek columns, so as to spoil the simplicity of their effect, but, at the same time, to mark them as truly Roman works of art.

"On the whole, perhaps, the best and only really satisfactory works of the Romans are those we usually relegate to the engineer; their roads and bridges, their aqueducts and ports, and their fortifications, are conceived on a scale, and executed with a solidity, worthy of the greatness of the empire. These they derived solely from Etruria; the Greeks offered them nothing which they might incongruously mix with them. Besides, the exigencies of the works of this class kept their vicious taste in restraint, and they went to work, in this case, with an earnestness of purpose and distinctness of aim, and consequently carried them out with a far better feeling than that which pervaded their more ambitious, and what they attempted to make, more artistic productions. Indeed, in almost all Roman buildings, what we most admire is the mass and the constructive magnificence: in those which more directly belong to architecture, the effect is oftener spoiled than aided by the ornamental details; but in those which we should call engineering works, there was no temptation to introduce incongruous or inappropriate ornament, and we can, in consequence, admire them without being shocked by the inconsistencies and bad taste so destructive to the beauty of their buildings, which, from the scale on which they are conceived, and the quantity of ornament lavished on them, ought to have been the greatest architectural productions in the world. * * *

"Sculpture.—Of all the arts, sculpture seems to be the one least liable to be affected by individual caprice, or by the vagaries which misapplied ingenuity sometimes introduces into the sister arts, when in the hands of a people with whom they are not native or not understood. True it is that modern Europeans have rendered it inane by a silly system of copying, and modern Hindoos have rendered it absurd by introducing additional legs and arms to express a puerile system of mythology; but these are exceptions, and there seems something in the want of pliancy in the material, in the necessity of every part being finished all round, and more, perhaps, in there being only one mode of expression—simply that of form without shadow and without depending on colour—that keeps the fancy from running riot; and there is also something in the feyness of the objects it is capable of expressing, that limits the sculptor to a degree of common sense which the painter, and even the architect, too often dispenses with. From these causes, principally, it arose, that in sculpture the Romans did less that was wrong than in either of the other arts. * * *

"The same praise can scarcely be applied with justice to the other class of sculptures, the *bassi rilievi*, though they are not, by any means, without merit. In purpose they resemble much more the historic sculptures of the Egyptians than anything we know of in Greece, but they are neither conceived on the same scale of grandeur, nor have they that simple *naïveté* which is so charming in the Egyptian works, nor do they tell their tale with the same unmistakable distinctness; for without a tolerable

knowledge, not only of the history of the time, but of who the emperor was who erected the buildings on which they are found, and why he did so, they would be of little use to us as historical materials. At the same time, they do not pretend to any dramatic interest in the events they record, nor do they, by grouping or artistic arrangement, either of the picture or details, make any appeal to us as works of art; but, notwithstanding all this, they fulfil one of the objects of art, and interest as instructing: they represent with fidelity the costume of the time, and the artist tells, as far and as distinctly as his art would allow, the tale he wished to repeat: they neither offend by ill-understood or absurd allegory, nor do they pretend to anything they do not possess. * * *

"Painting.—We have scarcely more means of judging of the painting of the Romans than of that of the Greeks; for though we have many mural paintings of the time of the Roman empire, not one of them can be identified as one of the celebrated works of art of which the ancients themselves were proud, and it is scarcely fair to judge of the state of art with them from what they themselves considered as little more than mere decorations. But even among them it is very doubtful if we really have one original design, and whether they are not merely copies, perhaps reduced from some great originals, and inserted among the arabesques and other ornaments, of which they form a part, but scarcely can be considered separately."

Mr. Fergusson is severe in his estimate of Roman literature, (especially the poetic,*) and holds the traditional, and Oxford and Cambridge taught over-estimate of it, to be irreconcilable with the progress of art; but we must conclude, and we do so with a Roman summary:—

"Had Rome attempted neither literature nor art, she would not have exposed herself to the blame she fairly lays herself open to in this respect; but in this her pretensions were only equalled by her ambition and her vanity. She attempted in everything the highest flight, without, in one instance, thinking it necessary to exercise that self-negation, or to cultivate that purity, which are indispensable to success. She had accumulated to herself the territorial empire of the world, because the nations around her were either barbarous or effete, and she thought to do the same in art: the products of intellect, however, cannot be appropriated by the same robber-hand that may seize on worldly goods. They can neither be bought nor stolen, but must be elaborated by an earnest aspiration after purity and virtue, of which they are the reflex; and these, combined with power, can alone make them great or worthy of admiration.

"As mistress of the world, with unlimited wealth and power, and a consequent feeling of conscious pre-eminence and pride, no nation had ever greater means of cultivating the arts than Rome; but no one ever neglected more her opportunities, or more shamefully abused her power. She might have raised them to an undreamed-of height on the sub-structure laid for them in Greece; but, as it was, she degraded them to a lower depth than had been reached by any nation anterior to her time, from the earliest period at which even tradition dawns upon us. * * *

"If we would judge of art fairly and for itself, we must carefully separate it from all extraneous influences, and judge of it only by the good that it produced, or the evils that resulted from it. Viewed in this light, and weighed with the opportunities she possessed, no nation ever did so little good and so much harm as Rome; and there is, consequently, none whose example and whose influence we ought more carefully to shun. If we used it well, no example could be more useful, no lesson more beneficial; but it is not thus that we have hitherto read the history of Rome. It has been literally to worship and admire, in the hope to emulate her power and greatness, and not to listen to her warning and avoid her crimes, in the hope that we might escape her consequent fate and doom."

It will be seen from our extracts, that our author's

* Livy, Tacitus, Juvenal, Persius, and Horace, are, more or less, excepted.

style is more rough than polished, and that he has not scrupled to use the common vulgarisms which have, of late, been introduced to the deterioration of the English language. This is to be regretted in a work otherwise so valuable: a standard ought to be a classic book!

John Jones's Tales for Little John Joneses.—By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. Cradock and Co.

"BREVITY is the soul of wit;" would it were the soul of criticism and reviewing! Then we should say of these two little "tomes"—Wherever the Tales of a Grandfather are read, they should be a portion of the juvenile library. Their contents are delightful historiettes, written down to youthful capacities, without being degraded below the nicest common sense, a perfect knowledge of the subjects, and a treatment of them only in style and manner differing from what might serve for learned disquisition or debate. The Roman period, the Saxon period, the Danish invasions, the Norman conquest, and the events for the next half century, are the themes Mr. James has chosen to illustrate, and he has performed his task in a way to be of infinite pleasure and instruction to the rising generation, and their successors in successive rising generations. We have only one crow to pluck with him: how could a reader of the *Literary Gazette* re-state the supposition that Gundreda was a fiction, and not a daughter of William the Conqueror? Why, we saw her bones, and the bones of her husband, William de Warrenne, in their leaden chests, within the last week. Even Mr. James must not doubt Our Archaeology.*

On the Immediate and Glorious Advent of our Lord, &c., to Establish the Kingdom of God on the Earth. Houlston and Stoneman.

We are doubtful whether we ought to notice such a publication, but it is a type of the fanaticism which is largely abroad in the midst of the boasted knowledge of the nineteenth century, and ought therefore to be mentioned among the signs of the times. The writer puts the initials J. A. P. E., (the last three letters significant!) and he quotes the prophets, &c., for his own interpretations, which are absurd and apish enough. In the end he reminds us of the Joe Miller joke, when the captain of the vessel, in a dreadful storm, answered the anxious inquiry of the chaplain as to the likely result—"If it holds on thus, in ten minutes we shall all be in Heaven," to which the terrified functionary shouted, "God forbid!" Thus J. A. P. E., after demonstrating his "Immediate," himself tells us not to be too much alarmed, for "to avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to mention that the word 'immediate,' in the title page, has reference to the appearance of the Lord in the clouds to receive his saints, and not to his coming with them in glory, which will not take place for some time after their ascension."

It is hardly proper to ridicule, but how else can you treat such folly?

"And fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."†

* See the Transactions of the Archaeological Association, and communications on this curious antiquarian subject, in half-a-dozen of our last year's *Gazettes*.

† Of a piece with this profane and fanatical nonsense, and with Mormonism, is the following printed hand-bill, now distributing throughout the length and breadth of London:—

COUNTRYMEN!
MY PEOPLE! MY
BELOVED ENGLISH
PEOPLE!
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN
IS AT HAND.
CHRIST SETS HIS BLESSED FOOT
ON EARTH TO REIGN A KING
AMONG US.

CLARA,
THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

It is since the July of 1848, that Clara Coulthard has claimed to be THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

J. Carroll, Printer, 278, Strand.

Peregrine Scramble.—By Captain Sir H. V. Huntley, R.N. 2 vols. Bentley.

These volumes contain the incidents of fully thirty years of an officer who served in various parts of the world, from his midday-days to his post-days. We do not see any remarkable cause for publishing them, though they are by no means uninteresting or unamusing reading. They are of an odd character too. Nothing like the real sea yarns of Barker (The Old Sailor,) or Marryat, or the more decisive narratives of Basil Hall, and others of that class; but a mule between the two, fairly storied and seriously commented. The foundations are all real, and the colouring almost too slight, in any instance, to do more than render the relation agreeable. The merits lie in characteristic traits, descriptions, and anecdotes. The battle of Navarino is gravely denounced. The work is altogether one of more rational and recreative than striking pretensions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 9th.—Prof. Owen, "On the Nature of Limbs," began by alluding to the difficulty of defining the subject of his lecture, from the want of any English equivalent of the term "bedeutung," by which the German philosophic anatomists signified the idea which he wished to explain and establish in relation to the limbs or locomotive extremities. He exemplified its meaning by reference to more familiar instances, as *c. g.*, the accepted conclusion that the basilar process of the occipital bone was the body of a cranial vertebra. He limited his observations to the limbs of the vertebrate animals. Examples were adduced of the different forms and proportions of limbs for swimming, burrowing, flying, running, and seizing; and the close conformity to a common type was demonstrated in the structure of the whale's fin, the mole's trowel, the bat's wing, the horse's foot, and the human arm and hand. A comparison was next instituted between the upper and lower limbs in man, and between the fore-leg and the hind-leg in the lower animals, and the corresponding bones were traced throughout. As this 'Discourse' has since been published, we may quote the author's own words in respect to this part of the inquiry. It appears that Cuvier supposed that the right arm was paralleled by the left leg, and *vice versa*, in regard to symmetry of structure. And another French anatomist states that "the upper end of the tibia is represented by the upper half of the ulna, and the lower half of the tibia by the lower half of the radius; whilst the fibula is represented by the upper half of the radius and the lower half of the ulna."

But Prof. Owen remarks, that "nature when rightly interrogated and propitiated by due observant service, kindly extricates us from these complex involutions and alternations of serial homology, and makes the simple truth plain."

The bones of the right arm are repeated with certain modifications of size and form in those of the right leg, the *radius* in the arm answers to the *tibia* in the leg, and the *ulna* to the *fibula*. This is illustrated by instances from comparative anatomy—

"Some anatomists," says the author, "may still be biased by the cause of V. d'Azyr's mistake,—viz. the great development of the olecranon or upper end of the ulna: but it needs only instances in which the fibula should manifest a similar development to satisfy the most sceptical as to the soundness of the grounds on which the conclusions of homological anatomy are based. The marsupial and monotrematous animals are fertile in this parallel instance of excessive development. The head of the fibula in the ornithorhynchus extends far beyond the knee-joint, and is expanded like the olecranon in the mole's ulna. Many of the marsupial quadrupeds have a rotatory motion of the hind-foot analogous to the pronation and supination of the hand: in the opossums and phalangers the great-toe is an opposable thumb, whilst its homotype in the hand remains parallel with the other fingers, and the location of the foot and hand is thus the reverse of that in the

human subject: whence naturalists have styled these marsupial animals 'pedimana'—foot-handed. One might expect that the modifications of the bones of the leg, in subserviency to those transferred powers of manipulation, would resemble those that disguise the serial homology of the bones of the fore-arm in man; and accordingly we find that, whilst the co-adapted joints between the tibia and fibula in the *pedimana* are such as to permit their reciprocal rotation, the proximal end of the fibula is developed to afford the requisite advantage to the muscles acting upon the foot."

The parallelism between the little bones of the wrist and those of the ankle is next pursued, and their serial relationships demonstrated. The author well remarks—

"With what new interest must the human anatomist view the little ossicles of the carpus and tarsus when their homologies have been thus determined! It must be evident to him that their true nature could never have been understood by the study of them in the human skeleton alone, however minutely scrutinized there. But by the light reflected from comparative anatomy he is now enabled both to discern their homotypal relations and their natural classification."

"Another important and instructive result of the foregoing comparisons is the constancy of the relations of the distal series of carpal and tarsal bones, whether simple or compound, with the five digits with which they essentially correspond in number: for by this constancy of connexion we are able to determine the precise digits that are lost and retained when their number falls below the typical five; to point out, for example, the very finger in the hand of man that answers to the fore-foot of the horse, and the very toe that corresponds to its hind-foot; nay, the very nail in the hand or foot which becomes, by excess of development, the great hoof of the horse. Were anything wanting to impress the thinking mind with the conviction of the unity of type which pervades animal structures, it might be such a fact as this."

The demonstration of this curious and unexpected proposition is then given.

Some unexpected applications of the results of this comparison to the fine arts are briefly touched upon:

"In the human foot, the three more constant toes, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, maintain more equality of size than their homotypes in the hand: the middle toe is the representative of the chief part of the hind foot of the horse; but the fourth toe answers to that which, by excess of growth, becomes the chief member of the long and strong hind-foot of the kangaroo. These and the like relations to the vertebrate archetype, which, together with the principle of the fitness of things, govern the forms and proportions of parts of the human frame, cannot but be both interesting and useful to the artist, as being calculated to call his attention to differential characters, which, though constant, may be so slight as to escape attention until their true significance is made known."

"The few examples of un mutilated feet from the works of the ancient Greek sculptors show, indeed, how truly their just observation of nature supplied the insight into the archetypal law, and guided them to an exact and beautiful indication of the affinities of the three middle toes as contrasted with the first and fifth, the distinctive characters of the last being as truly given as those of the great-toe."

"I have elsewhere cited examples from some great painters in which these characters have been overlooked, and the toes drawn 'small by degrees and beautifully less' from the second to the fifth: the natural proportions given to the foot of the dead Saviour by the truthful and severe Frauncin, and by Sebastian del Piombo to the figures in the 'Raising of Lazarus,' contrast favourably with the conventional ones in some of the paintings by Correggio and Guido in our National Gallery."

Speaking of the great toe in the human foot, Professor Owen remarks that the "Teleologist," or philosopher, who, like Paley, traces out the adaptations or "final causes" of parts of the body—

"Will discern that the requisite strength of the toe, which is the chief fulcrum when the whole body is raised by the power acting on the heel, as in stepping forward, has been regarded in the diminished number of its joints; but the same final cause would not appear to have governed the different number of the equally-sized first and fifth of the five toes inclosed in the massive hoof of the elephant, or the webbed hind paddle of the seal: and whether the hallux be the shortest of the five or the longest, it has always the same number of phalanges whenever it is present, provided it supports a nail, a hoof, or a claw, in the mammalian series."

"The satisfaction felt by the rightly constituted mind must ever be great in recognising the fitness of parts for their appropriate functions; but when this fitness is gained, as in the great-toe of the foot of man and the ostrich, by a structure which at the same time betokens harmonious concord with a common type, the prescient operation of the One Cause of all organization becomes strikingly manifested to our limited intelligence."

After completing the demonstration of the correspondences of structure between the same limb in different animals, and between the different limbs in the same animal, the Professor concludes this part of his subject as follows:—

"If we take a retrospect of the ground over which we have been travelling, and consider the numerous and beautiful evidences of unity of plan which the structures of the locomotive members have disclosed—evidences so little to be expected, *à priori*, seeing the different shapes and sizes of instruments adapted to such diversity of functions;—when also we find that, besides the general conformity of structure in the limbs of different species, a more special parallelism could be traced between the fore and hind-limbs of the same species, no matter to what diversity of office they might be severally adapted—a parallelism or 'serial homology' demonstrable even to each little carpal and tarsal bone, from man down to the monodactyle horse—the thinking mind cannot but be forcibly struck by such harmony, and be impelled with the desire to penetrate further, and ascend if possible to the higher law or generalization from which those harmonies flow."

"I think it will be obvious that the principle of final adaptation alone fails to satisfy the conditions of the problem. That every segment, and almost every bone which is present in the human hand and arm should exist in the fin of the whale, because they were expressly required in such number and collocation for the support and movements of that undivided and inflexible paddle, squares as little with our idea of the best and simplest mode of effecting the required purpose, as the reason which might be assigned to the great number of bones in the cranium of the chick—viz., to allow of the safe compression of the brain-case during the act of exclusion. Such a final purpose is indeed readily perceived and admitted in regard to the multiplied points of ossification of the skull of the human fœtus," but is not applicable to the same subdivision of the cranium in the embryo kangaroo, bird, and crocodile, where the brain-case is not liable to compression during birth or exclusion. It was, therefore, necessary to inquire whether the "special" and "serial" homologies of the locomotive extremities might not depend on a higher homology or archetypal idea of such parts."

"If," says Professor Owen, "we reject the idea that these correspondences are manifestations of some archetypal idea on which it has pleased the Creator to frame certain of his living creatures, there remains only the alternative that the organic atoms have concurred fortuitously to produce such harmony."

"But from this Epicurean Slough of Despond every healthy mind naturally recoils; and reverting, therefore, to the hypothesis of the dependence of the special and serial homologies or correspondences in the limbs upon some wider principle of conformity, we have next to inquire, what is the archetype or essential nature of the limbs?"

The hypotheses that had been broached on this subject were tested by comparing them with the true

definition of the terms "vertebra" and "rib." A vertebra was demonstrated to be a natural group of bones, forming a primary segment of the typical skeleton. The lecturer illustrated two of its modifications by diagrams of the thoracic vertebra of a bird and the caudal vertebra of a young crocodile; and directed attention to the additional element in the thoracic type of vertebra, which projected freely from the element to which the term "rib" was commonly applied.

The first line of inquiry which is pursued in regard to the essential nature of the limbs is a comparison of them with the ascertained elements of a typical segment or vertebra; and the progressive simplification of the limbs is followed out to their most rudimental condition in the vertebrate series. This is traced through examples taken from the horse, the amphibia, and the apteryx, down to the lepidosiren, in which the limb was represented by a single ray, consisting of many simple segments. In all cases these rudimental limbs diverged from inverted or hæmal arches, which remained even where the appendage or limb had disappeared—e. g., the scapular arch in the *anguis* and *muræna*, the pelvic arch in the *cetacea*.

The scapula is proved by its connexions and modifications of form and position to be a vertebral rib (pleurapophysis), and the coracoid and clavicle were in like manner shown to be sternal ribs (hæmopophyses); the coracoid being that which properly or normally completed the scapular arch. The inverted or hæmal arch so constituted was shown to progressively approach the head as the vertebrata descended in the scale, and to become attached to the neural arch of the occipital segment in the majority of fishes. The pectoral ray of the lepidosiren was shown to bear the same relation to the hæmal arch of the natural segment so completed, which the diverging appendage did in the typical vertebra illustrated by that from the thorax of the bird. In the lepidosiren the occipital arch completes the occipital vertebra:

"Nor is the lepidosiren an exceptional instance of this connexion and relation. It forms but one of a vast class of vertebrata—by far the most numerous and widely-dispersed class—which manifest the same attachment of the scapular arch. The pectoral fin, which consists, in most fishes, of a multiplication of jointed rays like that of the lepidosiren, is supported by an inverted bony arch, attached to the neural arch of the occiput, and completing that segment of the skeleton by forming its hæmal arch."

"How, then," asks the author, "are we to view the instances of its detachment from its piscine connexions? As illustrations of the normal or typical conditions of such arch? Surely not; as well might we consider the displaced hæmal arches of the human thorax to manifest their typical positions and connexions, and regard their direct and exclusive connexions with their proper centrans in reptiles and fishes as the exception and the anomaly."

And after quoting the remarkable aphorism (27th) from the "Novum Organum,"—"Qui enim vias nature novit, is deviationes etiam facilius observabit; at rursus, qui deviationes novit is accuratius vias describet,"—the Professor remarks:—

"Most of the mistakes in the attempts to ascertain the typical or essential nature of parts of the skeleton, and almost all the impediments and opposition to the prosecution of this main end of anatomical science, have arisen from its study being confined to that bye-path, in which it is usually commenced, viz., where the course of development has reached the highest form of animal life, in which modification of each part in mutual subserviency to another is greatest, and the deviation from the archetype is in the same proportion. The rectification of the mistakes and the acquisition of a more catholic feeling towards the study are gained by pursuing the broader high-road of organic nature, where those forms are offered to our contemplation in which vegetative uniformity most prevails, and the archetype is least obscured by purposive adaptations. If therefore we find in that class which best displays the conditions

for solving the problem immediately before us, that the connexions of the scapular arch are such as to complete a typical segment, which otherwise would be abnormal by defect, we must conclude that the type is here adhered to, and that, although these connexions are abrogated in all the other vertebrate classes, they, nevertheless, are the 'instantaneous deviances,' and are exceptions in regard to the rule of the archetype, notwithstanding the actual numerical superiority of the instances which leads us to another consideration. This superiority was not always such as it now is. Time was when fishes were the sole representatives of the vertebrate subkingdom in this planet. During the long periods antecedent to the formation of the coal measures, the vertebrate type was exclusively manifested by forms in the majority of which the scapular arch was articulated to the occiput. Subsequent changes in our planet have lightened and varied the conditions of animal existence, but the old primitive pattern of the skeleton may be discerned at the bottom of all the superinduced modifications. We perceive a return to it, as it were, in the early phases of development of the highest organized of the actually existing species, or we ought rather to say, that development starts from the old point; and thus, in regard to the scapula, we can explain the constancy of its first appearance close to the head, whether in the human embryo or in that of the swan, and also its vertical position to the axis of the spinal column, by its general homology as the rib or 'pleurapophysis' of the occipital vertebra."

The scapulo-coracoid arch always presents the typical characters of the humeral arch at its first appearance in the embryos of higher animals, paralleling its retention of that condition in the lower organized species of vertebrata. The same kind of testimony from developmental phenomena was given of the typical character of the pectoral limbs, as a ray diverging from that arch.

The nature of the dislocation of the scapular arch from the rest of its proper segment was illustrated by similar modifications of elements of the vertebrae—e.g., in the thoracic ribs of man, and the thoracic neural arches of the tortoise, and the sacral neural arches of the bird.

The limbs were thus proved by the characters of the scapular arch and pectoral extremities to be the "diverging" appendages of the humeral or costal arches of a vertebra; not to be "liberated ribs," nor "tertiary vertebrae." Several rudimental or latent limbs were indicated by the light of this general homology in fishes, reptiles, and birds; and two pairs were actually demonstrated in the heads of fishes, besides the pectoral fins.

The same conclusion as to the nature of limbs was arrived at by the study of the morphological and developmental phenomena of the hind-limbs, and their supporting arch, independently of the proof of this from their demonstrated serial homology with the fore-limbs; and the true nature of the varying relative position of the scapular arch and appendages in air-breathing animals was further illustrated by the variable position of the pelvic arch and its appendages in fishes.

Referring to ideal archetype of the vertebrate skeleton which resulted from the sum of the comparisons thus instituted of its several parts under all their modifications, Professor Owen argued that in the instances in which the express mechanical adaptation of a part to its function could not be discerned or appreciated, yet, if the seemingly redundant structure demonstrated the unity of plan on which different animals were made, such structure could not be said to be made in vain. The study of such evidences improved our conceptions of the Divine Author, and the discovery of an archetypal idea for any part of the creation directly refuted the Democratic argument for the existence of things before knowledge in the order of time and nature.

The "Discourse" is illustrated by many woodcuts of the diagrams shown at the lecture, and by three plates. The frontispiece gives a comparative view of the human skeleton and that of the ox, introduced in the outline of a beautiful antique marble, repre-

sented the sacrificing act. In a large folio plate may be studied at one view the skeletons of the quadruped, bird, reptile, and fish, in comparison with the abstract archetype skeleton. This is greatly facilitated by the insertion of a column with the names of all the bones, which are numbered alike in each skeleton. Their relations to the fundamental pattern or archetype are shown by the ingenious application of particular lines or markings for each vertebral element.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Feb. 8.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. F. W. Parker, Pembroke; the Rev. L. H. Mordaunt, Brasenose;

Bachelors of Arts.—The Hon. H. C. Forbes, Oriel; A. Grant, A. L. Peel, H. A. Olivier, C. H. Stanton, Balliol; C. F. Willis, Scholar of Corpus.

The Maitland Prize.—Sir Peregrine Maitland's Prize for the best English essay on some subject connected with the Propagation of the Gospel, through missionary exertions, in India and other parts of the heathen world, has been adjudged to E. F. Fiske, B.A., of Emmanuel College.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 3rd.—Professor Wilson in the chair.—Professor Wilson concluded the reading of his "Memoir on the Rock-engraved Inscriptions of India." Before proceeding to give any abstract of this memoir, it may be necessary to recall, in a few words, the circumstances under which the purport and object of these interesting relics of antiquity were first made known. About twelve years ago, a copy of an ancient inscription on a rock, near the town of Junagarh, in Gujerat, was made by Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, and put into the hands of Mr. J. Prinsep, who had, a short time before, deciphered the inscriptions on the columns of Allahabad and Delhi in a like character; and, about the same time, another inscription was found at Dhaul in Cuttack, and copied by Lieutenant Kittoe, who also sent his copy to Mr. Prinsep. These two inscriptions Mr. Prinsep ascertained to be, in great part, identical; and that the language in which they were written was allied to the Sanskrit and Pali; but, perhaps, more nearly to the latter. The names of Antiochus, Antigonus, Ptolemy, and Magas, on these monuments, showed them to be of the third century B.C., or nearly; and the monuments themselves were referred by Mr. Prinsep to Asoka, grandson of Chandragupta, the ally of Seleucus, one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great. The name, however, of Asoka, does not occur on the monuments, which purport to be erected by a King Piyadasi, a name whose signification is "good-looking," which was supposed by Mr. Prinsep to be an epithet merely. The results arrived at by Mr. Prinsep were published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in the early part of 1838; and, so far as published criticism goes, they have, as yet, been uncontested, although doubts have been expressed as to the attribution of the monuments. Four years ago, the discovery was made at the Royal Asiatic Society, that a third inscription, found on a rock at Kapur di Giri, near Peshawer, contained much that was identical in purport with those of Gujerat and Cuttack, containing the names of the same Greek princes, with the addition of that of Alexander. A specimen was published in the eighth volume of the Society's Journal; and the Director of the Society was induced to re-examine the monuments, the result of which investigation is the subject of the memoir concluded this day. Much of the memoir is naturally taken up with a critical analysis of the original text, which is not susceptible of abridgment, but some of the conclusions may be shortly stated. Professor Wilson is of opinion that the identification of Piyadasi with Asoka is not proved. Independently of the fact that the word Piyadasi is applied as an epithet to other sovereigns, of which examples are stated in the memoir, there is the important chronological difficulty that the first Antiochus who had any intercourse with India, is Antiochus the Great, whose Indian expedition dated from B.C. 212 to 205; while

the traditions of Brahman and Buddhist place the death of Asoka before B.C. 228, and the majority considerably higher. The name of Ptolemy, considered so long on the throne of Egypt, that no difficulty occurs there. Magas carries us back several years, the King of Cyrene, of that name, son-in-law of Antiochus Soter, having died B.C. 258. No Antigonus will be found at so low a date as that of Antiochus the Great; and the general of Alexander, the only one of the name who warred in Asia, was killed B.C. 301. We have an Alexander, Satrap of Persia, who was killed in 223; but very probably the names in the inscription are intended, not as those of cotemporary sovereigns, but as designating princes whose fame had reached the framer of the inscription; and consequently the allusion will be to Alexander the Great. The question, who was Piyadasi, is not easily answered. The name is not found in the Brahmanical traditions; and the only prince we find in the Buddhist annals to whom the name is given, is Asoka. It is very unlikely that such a dominion as would be indicated by the extent of the territory over which these inscriptions are found, near 2000 miles, was ever ruled over by a native prince; and internal evidence is against the inscriptions having been engraved contemporaneously with the reign of any one monarch, the earlier edicts professing to be issued in the thirteenth year of the reign of Piyadasi, and the latter ones in his tenth year. The probability is, that all were sculptured at some period subsequent to the last of the dates on the rocks, perhaps after the decease of the reputed monarch, if he really existed. Professor Wilson is inclined to think that the shadow of a name may have been used by influential persons to give authority to the promulgation of edicts intended to reform the morals of the people; and that documents were transcribed which had attained some celebrity. He withholds his belief of the hitherto received opinion that the edict was intended to propagate Buddhism, without denying its possibility; and thinks that the original inscription still requires to be inspected by one who is at once a thorough Sanscrit and Pali scholar. The paper concluded with a noble testimony to the sagacity and industry with which the late Mr. Prinsep had deciphered and translated documents in an unknown character and language, which, in the case of the inscription on the *lat* at Delhi, had baffled for so many years the scholars of Europe and Asia.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 9th.—*Public Meeting.*—The impressions from the seal recently found in the County of Clare, and mentioned in our last Number, were exhibited by Messrs. Jerdan, Lindsay, and Croker. Mr. Croker observed that this seal had formed the subject of several recent newspaper paragraphs, in which the inscription was stated to be SIGILLVM LIMERICIENSIS, with the date 1114. This latter could not be correct. Mr. Lindsay read the inscription SIGILLVM CAPITVLLI MELACENSIS. (the seal of the Chapter of Emly), which see was united to that of Cashel in 1508. He had read it differently, but now felt quite satisfied that Mr. Lindsay's reading was the correct one; that the seal could not be earlier than the fifteenth or sixteenth century there was no doubt. Some remarks on the Hartlip Roman villa, in Kent, by the Rev. Beale Poste, were read; they were chiefly local and topographical, with the exception of an observation upon the name of the field in which this villa is situated—"Danes-field," which "term," Mr. Poste observed, "seems more properly to be referred to Saxon times, and to be interpreted the 'Thane's-field,' intimating that subsequent to Roman occupation it belonged to a Saxon seigniorial lord, than to be considered to have a reference to the Danes. It seems an easy corruption of that appellation; and generally this may seem in other instances the readiest interpretation where the word occurs in the names of places." A communication was read which had been forwarded by the president from Doctor Cesare Vassallo, of Malta, upon the Catacombs of Civita Vecchia, in that island, which he visited in company

with Lord Albert Conyngham. The extent of these catacombs is unknown, but passages exist to the distance of five miles from the chief entrance. They must be referred to an earlier age than that of Christianity. In Malta, the primitive Christians and their immediate successors made use of the Roman sepulchres, adding, perhaps, to them another story, to bury the faithful apart from the pagans. For this reason two stories are visible. With some research Dr. Vassallo conjectures that a third or lower place of burial might be discovered. He then refers to Lord Albert Conyngham's inquiries respecting circular platforms, two or three feet from the ground, and about six feet in diameter, of which we are inclined to think a geologist would estimate the correct uses more truly than an antiquary. The catacombs "Ta l' Abatia," Dr. Vassallo observed, were exclusively Christian, and he described the fresco painting which they contain. He stated that Father Marchi, the distinguished Roman antiquary, ascribed this painting to the seventh century; he also referred to fresco paintings of the same period, in the crypt of St. Agatha, executed upon the rock, and in a good state of preservation, "notwithstanding the dampness of the place and the total neglect of such precious monuments." The catacombs of St. Cataldo, which are likewise Roman, Dr. Vassallo stated were of trifling extent, and perhaps belonged to some numerous family (*gens*) which was desirous of being interred separately. Of such cemeteries there was a great abundance both in Malta and Gozo. In conclusion, the writer of this paper expressed his regret to Lord Albert Conyngham that an Archaeological Society did not exist in Malta, "in which many members might labour with one sole view, and publish their observations. Without something of this nature, many very precious things will remain in oblivion, and under the dust with which centuries have covered them." Mr. Crofton Croker exhibited drawings of a clay mark and small stone figure, found in a cave on the Caicos Islands, a small group of the Bahamas; communicated to him by Captain Barnett, R.N. Mr. Croker stated that the first specimen is similar to those which, judging from the discoveries made in Carribean graves, may have been the ornamented part of a pitcher or drinking vessel. The latter, from a hole bored from ear to ear, appears to have been worn as an amulet. Its height does not exceed two inches. Mr. Wire's paper on the recent discoveries at Colchester, of Roman remains, was read. It is a very valuable local record, and was listened to with much attention, but as it requires, to be understood correctly, reference to the plan which accompanied it, and will, we suppose, be printed in the proceedings of the Association, we refrain from entering into the details. A very ancient Chinese gong or Tartar mirror, with reference to the proceedings of the previous meeting, was exhibited by Mr. Jerdan. Mr. Keet exhibited a bronze spear head, which had been fished up in the Thames by Mr. Henry Newman, in 1844, about one hundred yards from Datchet Bridge, and read a short communication on the subject. Some observations which followed, elicited that the length of this very remarkable specimen was no less than twenty-two inches, (seventeen inches being the length of the blade, and five inches of the socket; the blade was what archaeologists term "eyed.") A gold torque, stated to have been found in the north of France, and what was conjectured to be a gold musical instrument found in the county of Sligo, were exhibited by the Secretary. The latter he considered to have been the identical one figured by Vallancey in his *Collectanea*, and mentioned by Sir William Betham. A gentleman, whose name we did not catch, observed that similar specimens were exceedingly common, and undertook to produce several from the collection (as we understood him) of Mr. Ginnis of Dublin, for the information of the Association. Mr. Crofton Croker thanked the gentleman, in the name of Sir William Betham, one of the Vice-presidents of the Association, who had paid some attention to the subject, and added that nothing could be more gratifying to him than being the medium of communicating

information, or of correcting any supposed error into which the Vice-president's zeal for the diffusion of archaeological knowledge might have led him. Mr. Crofton Croker then exhibited Queen Elizabeth's drinking goblet. It was of silver gilt, holding half a pint, and was in shape a cup or drinking vessel, upon three feet, with a cover; the outside was covered with nearly five hundred small cut amethysts, between the interstices of which the space was filled up by turquoises. He stated that the British Archaeological Association were indebted to Messrs. Widdowson and Veale, of the Strand, for this interesting exhibition. The Rev. E. G. Walford's paper was then read, on Roman remains dug up at the Black Grounds near Chipping Warden.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

To a question from Mr. Ewart to Sir George Grey in the House of Commons, it was stated that there was no objection to lay a part of the evidence taken by the Commissioners to inquire into the constitution and management of the British Museum before Parliament, but that *there were other parts of it which it would not be expedient to produce.* Sir R. Inglis then interposed, and asked Sir G. Grey if it would be consistent with his duty to lay on the table any moiety of the case that had been heard, when he (Sir G. Grey) knew that the Trustees of the Museum (of whom Sir Robert is one) had not received any communication from the Commissioners till they had been sitting at least nine months; and so Sir George said he would take the whole business, as the Scotch lawyers have it, to *avizandum*. Our opinion of the Commission is well known; that it will end in a farce we thoroughly believe; but this little legislative interlude is almost too good for what we anticipated. An inquiry has been determined into a public institution supported by public money, which institution has been notoriously maladministered, and in some important concerns mismanaged, and made subservient to personal interests and private cabals. We know parties who could tell the Commissioners more than they will learn, or wish to learn, if they sit for ten years; but what (as we remarked when it was appointed) would signify such revelations when "*it would not be expedient to produce them?*" And who says it would not? The Home Secretary is simply the mouth-piece of his informants, and of himself has not the slightest information on the subject. He has plenty of other matters to attend to. Well, then, have the Commissioners lent themselves to improper inquiries? Have they searched into things unfit to be divulged, and inconsistent with their appointed duties? If so, they ought, high as they are, to be superseded. If they have not, a garbled publication of their proceedings is not worth twopenny; and upon this dilemma they may be left to hang—all the rest is leather and prunella.

Durham.—The original floor of the ancient Refectory at Durham, composed of plain red and rough encaustic tiles, has been discovered, under some three feet of rubbish accumulated about a foot and a-half below the joists.—*Sunderland Herald.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Sir R. Westmacott's second lecture on Sculpture,) 8 p.m.
Tuesday—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 2 p.m.—Civil Engineers, (adjourned discussion on the South Wales Coal-Field, and Mr. J. Richardson on the explosion at Eaglesbush Colliery, Neath,) 8 p.m.
Wednesday—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 84 p.m.—Royal College of Physicians, (Dr. Gull's second Gulstonian lecture,) 4 p.m.
Thursday—Royal, 84 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.—Numismatic, 7 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Mr. Leslie's second lecture on Painting,) 8 p.m.
Friday—Royal Institution, (Rev. J. Barlow, Sec. R.I., on Mr. Phillips' Fire Annihilator,) 84 p.m.—Philological, 8 p.m.—Royal College of Physicians, (Gull's third Gulstonian lecture,) 4 p.m.
Saturday—Royal Botanic, 34 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[On Wednesday Prince Albert walked quietly through the gallery, and examined the exhibition, without the ceremony of attendance and interruption of etiquette; and we notice this because, to our taste, it is by far the best way to show a love for the Arts, and a desire to patronize them. A courtly visit is well of its kind; but is not so genial and encouraging.—Ed. L.G.]

FIVE hundred and four paintings, and fourteen works of sculpture, fill the three rooms, and the *ensemble* is various and spirited enough. Of very high art, or aims at the loftiest objects within its range, there are not many examples; but there are a number of productions of a less ambitious order, which are very creditable to the British school. In passing them under review, we shall (as usual) look at them according to the standard of their character; and if we are found to repeat the same terms very often, our readers are requested to ascribe it to a sameness of degree and merit, which an endeavour to describe in different words would tend to misrepresent.

No. 1, "On the Gulf of Spezia," G. E. Hering. Is a landscape of much sweetness and beauty, and a fine subject. Out of the gallery we fancy it will be more admired, for where it now is, the refraction of lights from its showy gilt frame, (especially when the sun shines on it) distracts the whole *effect* and repose of the scene. 88 and 98 are two nice little bits of Italian, by the same; and 9 and 185 English, but hardly so good.

No. 2, "A Girl of Brittany," 18, "Alicie," F. Stone. Like all Mr. Stone's productions, very graceful and attractive. The first is our favourite, though the last is the most original in features. The costume is freely touched and effective in tone, but we are not sure that in works of this class we would not be better pleased with greater finish; and no artist could, if he chose, please us more in this respect than Mr. Stone. Be that as it may, the most conclusive and welcome four approbatory letters, *s, o, l, d*, are stuck upon both pictures.

No. 4, "The Old Market at Rouen," E. A. Goodall. Excellently treated. The picturesque architectural forms, which frame the crowded market, within an arch, have a capital effect; whilst the scattered groups on either side, and in the foreground, give great variety and animation to the whole. In point of colour, also, there is a sober richness, of equal truth to the scene and pleasure to the eye of the spectator. 67, "An interior of a Farm-house," is a small picture of similar qualities in tone and touch.

No. 5, "Mapledurham," and 392, "Pangbourne on the Thames," are two very natural and well-painted home landscapes, by G. Stanfield, whom we have more than once before had the gratification to acknowledge as a follower (not unworthy) in the steps of his eminent father.

No. 17, "The Successful Deer Stalkers," R. Ansdell. This picture (there are two others for future remark) satisfies and disappoints us. There are parts to compare with the execution of the best of its class, ancient or modern, and there are parts to detract from the general design. Here the horse, the dog in the foreground, and the side face of the Highland stalker, are all we could wish, except perhaps the forelegs of the horse, which, grouping (if we may say so) with the thin dangling limbs of the deer slung across its back, have a disagreeable and wiry appearance. The deer itself is a confused mass; the head excellent, and the fore-shoulder looking emaciated. Such is the case, also, with the angular hind-leg of the second dog, and the girl serving the dram is of a style of beauty out of keeping with the subject. At first glance, you do not make out that she is a full-length; it seems a handsome bust and head, and that is all. Still it is a striking performance, and deserves its distinguished place in the North Room.

No. 20, "A Welsh Hill," T. Creswick, A.R.A. To us a charming transcript of nature. The single figure and the single gleam of light are evidence of true feeling for pictorial effect, and at the same time quite simple; whilst the different shades of the spreading hills are realities on canvas. 144, "An English Landscape," of larger dimensions, presents only a

other form of natural beauty; and 299, "The Stepping Stones," is a happy mingling of picturesqueness, reminding us in some respects of the popular "Crossing the Brook."

No. 22, "View of Scarborough," J. Danby, is almost too close to the floor for inspection, but it is a curious effect, with the solid dark shade in the centre; and 46, by the same, "A Frigate in Chase of a Pirate," is another clever piece.

Nos. 23, 122, 175, J. Holland. The first a crisp and charming little bit of ancient and quaint palatial architecture; and the last a fit companion for it, from Kuole. But 122, is one of the most admirable pieces in the gallery, "The Rialto, Venice." The bridge is superb, as it expands across the view, and the waters, and boats, and groups below are disposed in a style of most picturesque efficacy. The whiteness of the stone, and the ornamental character of the sculptures, &c., subside gradually and finely into the reflection of the shadowed but lucid stream, and the human beings in action contrasting with the immovable figures carved in the niches above.

No. 32, "Rose Bradwardine," W. P. Salter. A pale rose.

No. 33, "Paris, 1848," F. Goodall; and 99, "Pet Rabbit," by the same. The former is a nice representation of character, in a rich manner as regards light and colouring; and the latter another specimen of the genre class, also small, but just such productions as lovers of art are apt to choose to decorate the snug English parlour.

No. 35, "Bacchante and Young Bacchanals," W. Salter, M.A.F. A similarity of names is frequently unfortunate for artists. Here we have already two Goodalls, and no harm done; but our second Salter would have great cause of complaint if confounded with any other artist; and has, indeed, in our opinion, just cause of complaint for having this picture hung upon the ground. As an example of flesh-colour, we have seen nothing superior to it in the school of England. The natural tint of the skin and the delicate melting of the shades, are of Venetian purity. The figure is also finely disposed, and the draping accessories admirably painted up to set off, as it were, the sweetness of Nature in its nude yet modest simplicity. The infant bacchanals are also lively and interesting studies.

Nos. 36, 196, "Bucksbooting" and "Wood Scene," J. Stark, both good specimens of the artist, who stands so well among the delineators of native scenery. The first is altogether happily treated, and affords much variety of park features to please the eye.

No. 37, "A Scene in Epping Forest," W. Linton, is a large, truthful, and splendid landscape; and 417, "The Watering-place," another proof that the artist is as powerful with his pencil at home as he has hitherto shown himself to be (more frequently) with foreign subjects.

No. 42, "Nonchalance," W. Inskipp, and one of the master (or rather mistress) pieces in his own style. There is a head, for expression. Nonchalance, indeed! She does not care a doit for anything or any body, and that very head of her own, tells the same thing. 200, "Laundry Girls," is another Inskippian and unmistakable performance. The artist moves in his own sphere; and it is dangerous to attempt to imitate him.

No. 43, "The Biron Conspiracy," G. Lance, is an able production of the Maclise character: the costume, armour, &c., skillfully and effectively rendered: the Duc and his sister perhaps a little too theatrical. But in 101, "Summer," Mr. Lance has almost surpassed himself. An ozier basket with the richest fruits of summer, and a peacock's feather to boot, it is, we think, impossible to surpass. The blending of the colours is exquisitely harmonious; and 205 displays the same mastery, with a series of lighter tints, and how diligently the artist must have studied the minutest traces of this great quality in painting. 212, a couple of mallards, "A Quiet Couple," is also very honourable to his pencil; and 230, "Winter," no discredit to it.

Nos. 34, 45, Small bits of genre, by E. J. Cobbett, and the last in particular too well done to be passed

by unnoticed by any one who wishes to encourage the arts.

No. 47. We step to productions which pertain to the highest class of English landscape painting. "English Meadows," by F. R. Lee, R.A.; and "Cattle," by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A. 199, "Summer Breezes," by the same, and we may with perfect propriety speak of both subjects together, for they possess a strong resemblance and similarity of treatment. The cattle in either, dispersed or grouped, on land or in or near water, were never excelled by painter's brush; and so we will say nothing about Wouvermans, or Cuypers, or Paul Potters. We have Sidney Cooper, and cows of our own. Mr. Lee, too, has to our judgment performed his part in these conjoint compositions in a delightful manner. The trees are English wood, and the very smoothness of the shaven ground, sleeping in sunshine, is the truth of nature. In that light, inequalities cease to be: it bathes the meadows into lawns, and the copses into shapely forms. Those who find fault with these things are not observers of the various but certain aspects caused by atmosphere; and atmosphere is very finely handled and applied in these very fine pictures. 276 is a delightful "Mountain Stream," by Mr. Lee alone.

No. 51, "Jenny's Lament," F. Newenham, is not a very pertinently chosen subject; but it is a clever and "noticeable" picture. The head and arms are well painted, and the figure well posed and costumed. We do not rightly know what the expression ought to be—that is the dilemma of the subject;—but Jenny's melancholy may be sufficient, though more of discontent would have been truer to Burns' verse. 291, "Newton when a Boy," by the same, also exhibits rising abilities.

No. 52, "A Mountain Chieftain's Funeral," Francis Danby, A.R.A., (here is a second Danby, and there are four exhibitors of that name.) Poetical and impressive: almost too dark, for in picture too much cannot safely be left to the imagination. Yet the scene is extremely striking. The gloom which involves the funeral rites and dim crowds of clansmen, has a subdued light shed upon it from blazing torches, which light is managed with the utmost skill, and we only wish it had a little more of the force of a Schalken or Wright of Derby. It does not show us enough, though, as you look at it, the reflection seems to get clearer, as it does in a dark place after you have been some minutes habituated to it. A slight glint above, and another below, are happy touches.

No. 58, "The Flight into Egypt," 313, "Summer's Evening," J. Linnell. The last, a pleasing view; the first, of a superior order, which might be thought a demonstration of Euclid's Pons Asinorum. Joseph is a demure unwilling beast towards a narrow bridge, and the action seems almost too diverting for a sacred subject. The Virgin and Child are seated on its back; and whether for their sake or its own, it shows much reluctance to walk the plank. Yet is it a well-executed piece, and the landscape well treated, though we do not feel assured of its Eastern fidelity.

No. 61, "The Highland Lass," a passing thought, Alexander Blaikley. High up, but evidently a characteristic bit. It is a barefooted lass stepping over the rough stepping-stones of a mountain burn.

No. 64, "Maternal Affection," R. R. Faulkner. A very agreeable and well-executed group. The mother is unexceptionable; and the child has only too much definition of feature and expression for infancy.

No. 66, "Prayers before the Mid-day Alms," A. C. Hayter, jun. A very marked and distinguished advance of the young artist. For composition, character, and mechanical execution, we do not think it need stand in fear of being placed by the side of any production of the same kind, which has been brought forward within the last dozen of years. The jolly monks, their jolly fare, the individual at confession before the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the confessor far more intent on them than on him; the suppliant applicants praying a little way off; and all the circumstances and accessories, are altogether most laudably done.

No. 69, "A Fresh Day;" and 487, "On the Thames," R. Sidney Percy, deserve our commendation in passing through the smaller contributions which are placed where we can see and examine them. The many we are obliged to omit in silence, must attribute the neglect to their being hung where no critic's view can reach them.

(To be continued.)

Institute of Fine Arts.—On Saturday, the 3rd, this agreeable and serviceable Association had its first *conversazione* for the season, in their rooms in Great Marlborough-street, which was fully attended by a number of artists of celebrity. We need only mention names, (which will be found honourably recorded in another portion of this page,) Crewick and Goodall, and others to whom we have often paid similar respect, viz., Sir W. Ross, Knight, Foley, Elmore, Illidge, Dodgson, Duncan, &c., as contributors to the collection which adorned the walls, and lay on the tables, together with some beautiful specimens of wood carving.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday, Feb. 15th., 1849.

I HAVE to report another dull week in the literary world—nothing of any general interest done—nothing of very much importance doing. But still, on the whole, things are not in such an utterly deplorable condition as during the past year, and the horizon is decidedly brightening. If we can only get the general elections over without barricades and bloodshed, we may expect a complete return of confidence, even though the Republican form of government should remain in existence. With confidence would come commercial prosperity and literary enterprise. Many people, it is true, insist that it is utterly impossible for literature to flourish under a Republic; but not only is history dead against them, but there is really no reason why it should not, provided the government be strong, and the people have faith in it.

The eighth volume of the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, by M. Thiers, is advertised to appear on the 20th. It is, it seems, almost exclusively occupied with a detail of the circumstances which caused, preceded, accompanied, and followed the invasion of Spain by Napoleon. The distinguished author has availed himself of the facilities afforded by his political position to communicate the contents of a mass of state papers and private correspondence, which throw new and valuable light on his subject. This volume will, I imagine, have greater interest for the English than for any other people—even the French and Spaniards themselves—inasmuch as it was the events of which it treats that led to the downfall of Napoleon, and made England master of Europe.

Illustrated works continue to be all the rage here. Even grave history itself is constrained to seek the assistance of the artist and the engraver—for example, we have an illustrated edition of the *Consulate and Empire*, by Thiers, following close on the illustrated *History of the Girondins*, by Lamartine. As regards works of lesser note, few, indeed, are they which dare to appear without illustrations. Illustrations, in fact, have become almost as essential to the public as good printing and paper.

The Californian Gold mania is creating a literature peculiarly its own—one which treats principally or exclusively of gold, gold dust, gold hunting, and gold hunters. In this the French shoot far ahead of *tous autres* English; for whilst you, in your humdrum matter-of-fact way, content yourselves with reports from governors, colonels, and other officials, with accounts of the adventures of the gold seekers and gold finders—with guides to California, and so on—they, in addition to all that, concoct gold-dust *feuilletons* of the most thrilling interest, and prepare gold-dust dramas of tremendous effect. Indeed, the dust bids fair shortly to supersede the adultery and incest with which romances and plays have been so long flavoured; and heroes and heroines from the "diggins" to become substitutes for our old friends

of the hulks, the galleys, and the prison of St. Lazare.

M. de Lamartine is collecting subscriptions for a new edition of his works. He leaves the subscribers at liberty to take any number of volumes they please, promises to print their names in the collection, and fixes the price of each volume at 6fr. He says that he broaches this scheme to promote the interest of others; but the real and unmistakable meaning of it is, that he is in such grievous want of money as to be obliged to make an indirect appeal to the generosity of the public. It is a sad thing to see a man who stands so high, and has done so much, reduced so low; but still, it is honourable to him to be poor, after having had, as a member of the government, thousands pass through his hands, or at his command. Perhaps his friends and admirers are to be blamed for not coming forward to assist him in his strait, by getting up (as the friends of Chateaubriand did when he was in similar circumstances) a sort of joint-stock company, to purchase the copyrights of his published and unpublished works at such a price as would have relieved him from difficulty. With all his faults, and they are many and great, Lamartine is still a man of genius, and it should have been both a duty and pleasure to those who enjoy his favour, and are blessed with abundance, to have saved him from the necessity of taking a step which must have been peculiarly galling to his sensitive pride.

Scribe has had a little vaudeville presented at the Gymnase, in which he has again displayed his inimitable tact in making a common-place subject deeply interesting, and common-place personages talk always with smartness and often with wit. Bouffé's new creation is that of a Norman peasant, in a piece called the *Berger de Souvigny*, and his success, as usual, is great. I observe that several of the theatrical critics complain that the fashion of writing pieces for him alone—making his part everything and all the others nothing—has become tiresome to the spectators, unjust to the other actors, and injurious to literature. But this is silly exaggeration. The only thing that can reasonably be complained of is, that Bouffé's selfishness in insisting on being the Alpha and Omega of every play in which he appears, is not altogether fair to his *camarades*.

At the Français a little comedy, neither very good nor very bad, called *L'Amitié des Femmes*, has been brought out, with neither very brilliant nor very indifferent success. The author is a M. Mazères, who obtained some celebrity many years ago by dramatic writing. He then abandoned the pen to become a prefect, and would probably have ended his days in his prefecture, if the Republican gentry of February had not kicked him out, with many better and many worse men. The management of the Français, it appears, has acted with gross partiality towards him, having agreed not only to act his new pieces in preference to those of others, and to pay him extravagantly, but also to go through his *répertoire*.

Sad accounts of the state of the drama in the provinces have been lately received. Even in many of the large towns the theatres are either closed, or are only kept open by votes of money from the municipalities; in others no manager will take them on the old conditions; and in others no one will have them at any price, so that the municipalities must either assume the management of them themselves, or allow them to be shut up. The provincial performers, a very numerous body of both sexes, are, as a natural consequence of this state of things, in most deplorable distress. Hundreds of them are out of employment; hundreds employed cannot get paid at all, or have to bless their stars for half or quarter salaries. Appeal on appeal is made to the government to "do something;" but not only has the government no money, but if it had, it could not pretend to afford more than temporary relief.

Nothing of very striking importance in the way of music has come under my notice. At the Italian theatre Alboni has appeared in *Semiramide*, and has added fresh laurels to her already glorious crown. This theatre, by the way, is, I regret to state, not doing such good business as could be desired.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

THE Whittington Club has got into some note this week, in consequence of a flaming paragraph anent an "Entertainment to Louis Blanc and M. Causidière," at their rooms in the Strand, where "the company present embraced the names (odd enough suggestive and æsthetic phraseology!)—embraced the names of all the well-known Republicans, Communists, and Socialists, both of the metropolis and of the provinces." Finding that this puff was likely to be injurious to the club, the secretary has written a letter to the newspapers repudiating the affair, and describing the "entertainment" as a mere private dinner-party given by an individual member, the secrets of which ought never to have been promulgated; and that it was a gross piece of tom-foolery to let this Whittington cat out of the bag. For,—

As she flew, Puss fetched a mew,
As if to say—poor me!
To think that I, a land-bred cat,
Should thus be press'd to sea!

The whole thing is ridiculous enough—a revolution in the Isle of Man—but the best we have heard of it was the opinion of a popular writer, and of course good linguist, belonging to the Club, who on being told that there had been Causidière and Louis Blanc at a dinner, remarked, "I'm glad I was not there; for I hate French dishes!" He mistook the one guest for a Blanc-mange, and the other for another dish of Cuisine à la Soyer!!

THE ARABS IN ASSYRIA.

[The following interesting episode occurs in Mr. Layard's important archaeological work on Nineveh, and forms a picturesque contrast between the life of the present time, and what he has discovered to elucidate that of the ancient people of the country.]

I must endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the domestic establishment of a great Arab Sheikh. Sofuk, at the time of our visit, was the husband of three wives, who were considered to have special claims to his affection, and his constant protection; for it was one of Sofuk's weaknesses, arising either from a desire to impress the Arabs with a notion of his greatness and power, or from a partiality to the first stage of married life, to take a new partner nearly every month; and at the end of that period to divorce her, and marry her to one of his attendants. The happy man thus lived in a continual honeymoon. Of the three ladies now forming his harem, the chief was Amsha, a lady celebrated in the song of every Arab of the desert, for her beauty and noble blood. She was daughter of Hassan, Sheikh of the Tai, a tribe tracing its origin from the remotest antiquity, and one of whose chiefs, Hatem, her ancestor, is a hero of Eastern romance. Sofuk had carried her away by force from her father; but had always treated her with great respect. From her rank and beauty she had earned the title of 'Queen of the Desert.' Her form, traceable through the thin shirt which she wore like other Arab women, was well proportioned and graceful. She was tall in stature, and fair in complexion. Her features were regular, and her eyes dark and brilliant. She had undoubtedly claims to more than ordinary beauty; to the Arabs she was perfection, for all the resources of their art had been exhausted to complete what nature had begun. Her lips were dyed deep blue, her eyelids were continued in indigo until they united over the nose, her cheeks and forehead were spotted with beauty-marks, her eyelashes darkened by Kohl; and on her legs and bosom could be seen the tattooed ends of flowers and fanciful ornaments, which were carried in festoons

* "After laudatory addresses," it was stated, "in which the speakers enunciated their peculiar views, and expressed their anticipations of seeing, and assisting to bring to pass, a state of 'greater freedom' in mind and morals—a revolution in society which would ever be associated with the names of their distinguished guests, M. Louis Blanc and M. Causidière responded. The company separated, mutually pleased with each other." No wonder.

† From *Lays of Ancient Babylon*, (Pickering,) dedicated to the Babes of England without permission, and having quaintish rhymes, which embody Whittington, Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, Cock Robin, and other immortal nursery stories.

and network over her whole body. Hanging from each ear, and reaching to her waist, was an enormous earring of gold, terminating in a tablet of the same material, carved and ornamented with four turquoises. Her nose was also adorned with a prodigious gold ring, set with jewels, of such ample dimensions that it covered the mouth, and was to be removed when the lady ate. Ponderous rows of strung beads, Assyrian cylinders, fragments of coral, agates, and parti-coloured stones, hung from her neck; loose silver rings encircled her wrists and ankles, making a loud jingling as she walked. Over her blue shirt was thrown, when she issued from her tent, a coarse striped cloak, and a common black handkerchief was tied round her head.

Her ménage combined, if the old song be true, the domestic and the queenly, and was carried on with a nice appreciation of economy. The immense sheet of black goat hair canvass, which formed the tent, was supported by twelve or fourteen stout poles, and was completely open on one side. Being entirely set apart for the women, it had no partitions, as in the tent of the common Arab, who is obliged to reserve a corner for the reception of his guests. Between the centre poles were placed, upright and close to one another, large camel or goat-hair sacks, filled with rice, corn, barley, coffee, and other household stuff; their mouths being, of course, upwards. Upon them were spread carpets and cushions, on which Amsha reclined. Around her, squatted on the ground, were some fifty handmaidens, tending the wide cauldron, baking bread on the iron plate heated over the ashes, or shaking between them the skin suspended between three stakes, and filled with milk, to be thus churned into butter. It is the privilege of the head wife to prepare in her tent the dinners of the Sheikh's guests. The fires, lighted on all sides, sent forth a cloud of smoke, which hung heavily under the folds of the tent, and would have long before dimmed any eyes less bright than those of Amsha. As supplies were asked for by the women, she lifted the corner of her carpet, untied the mouths of the sacks, and distributed their contents. Everything passed through her hands. To show her authority and rank she poured continually upon her attendants a torrent of abuse, and honoured them with epithets of which I may be excused attempting to give a translation; her vocabulary equalling, if not exceeding, in richness that of the highly educated lady of the city.* The combination of the domestic and authoritative was thus complete. Her children, three naked little urchins, black with sun and mud, and adorned with a long tail hanging from the crown of their heads, rolled in the ashes or on the grass.

Amsha, as I have observed, shared the affections, though not the tent of Sofuk—for each establishment had a tent of its own—with two other ladies; Atonis, an Arab, not much inferior to her rival in personal appearance; and Ferrah, originally a Yezidi slave, who had no pretensions to beauty. Amsha, however, always maintained her sway, and the others could not sit, without her leave, in her presence. To her alone were confided the keys of the larder—supposing Sofuk to have had either keys or larder—and there was no appeal from her authority on all subjects of domestic economy.

Mrs. Rassam informed me that she was received with great ceremony by the ladies. To show the rank and luxurious habits of her husband, Amsha offered her guest a glass of 'eau sucrée,' which Mrs. Rassam, who is over-nice, assured me she could not drink, as it was mixed by a particularly dirty negro, in the absence of a spoon, with his fingers, which he sucked continually during the process.

When the tribe is changing its pastures, the ladies of the Sheikhs are placed on the backs of dromedaries in the centre of the most extraordinary contrivance that man's ingenuity, and a love of the picturesque, could have invented. A light framework, varying

* It may not perhaps be known that the fair inmate of the harem, whom we picture to ourselves conversing with her lover in language too delicate and refined to be expressed by anything else but flowers, uses ordinarily words which would shock the ears of even the most depraved amongst us.

from sixteen to twenty feet in length, stretches across the hump of the camel. It is brought to a point at each end, and the outer rods are joined by distended parchment; two pouches of gigantic pelicans seem to spring from the sides of the animal. In the centre, and over the hump, rises a small pavilion, under which is seated the lady. The whole machine, as well as the neck and body of the camel, is ornamented with tassels and fringes of worsted of every hue, and with strings of glass beads and shells. It sways from side to side as the beast labours under the unwieldy burthen; looking, as it appears above the horizon, like some stupendous butterfly skimming slowly over the plain.

In the evening Amsha and Ferrah returned Mrs. Rassam's visit; Sofuk having, however, first obtained a distinct promise that they were not to be received in a tent where gentlemen were to be admitted. They were very inquisitive, and their indiscreet curiosity could with difficulty be satisfied.

I may mention that Sofuk was the owner of a mare of matchless beauty, called, as if the property of the tribe, the Shammeriyah. Her dam, who died about ten years ago, was the celebrated Kubleh, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory, and the day of whose death is the epoch from which the Arabs of Mesopotamia now date the events concerning their tribe. Mohammed Emin, Sheikh of the Jebour, assured me that he had seen Sofuk ride down the wild ass of the Sinjar on her back, and the most marvellous stories are current in the desert as to her fleetness and powers of endurance. Sofuk esteemed her and her daughter above all the riches of the tribe; for he would have forfeited all his wealth, and even Amsha herself. Owing to the visit of the irregular troops, the best horses of the Sheikh and his followers were concealed in a secluded ravine at some distance from the tents.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

HASTY PUDDING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Reading, Oxford, Feb. 13th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—In an extract from *Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms* in the last *Literary Gazette*, I perceive, under the head "*Hasty Pudding*," that it is stated that, in England that "chiefest dish" is made of flour and milk. Now, in Derbyshire and the adjoining counties, where it is a very common food amongst the labourers and others, it is made by sprinkling oatmeal into a pan of boiling water, which is continually stirred until it becomes a thick paste; it is then eaten, as the American, with milk, sugar, or treacle.

There is another kind, which is called "*Lumpy Jums*," it is likewise made of oatmeal, but when boiled is in lumps of about the size of a nut, which when eaten are found to be dry meal in the inside; this is a favourite dish.*

Hasty pudding is frequently made of flour, but oatmeal is much the most general.

As we all know that good arises from a comparison of the customs, traditions, and manners of different countries and districts, we may also hope that some degree of interest may arise from a comparison of the primitive modes of cookery of our own and other nations.—I am, &c.,

L. L. J.

Wonderful Coincidence!—(We cannot resist the following correspondence.) "Sir,—I am sorry to see in your *Gazette* that you doubt the tradition of King Alfred in the Neatherd's cottage; because it has always struck me as establishing a remarkable coincidence in the lives of the Saxon hero and the Scottish hero, Robert Bruce; the great exploit of the latter being at Bannockburn, and this feat of the former at Burn-bannock.—Yours, SAWKEY."

* The famous old Scotch dish of *Brose* was of this kind, and composed of oatmeal toasted before a good fire, and mixed with the *broo* (or broth) made of ox-cheek, in the pot above. The drying of the meal caused it to form into spongy lumps.—ED.

BIOGRAPHY.

In the obituary of the week, we have to mention the death of a distinguished Hebrew scholar, Mr. Michael Josephs, of South-street, Finsbury-square. He had attained the patriarchal age of nearly eighty-six years, and during his long life had been remarkable for the zealous exercise of one of the most conspicuous of Jewish virtues, evinced in unceasing labours in the cause of charity, and the best of all charities—Education.

Dr. David Burnes, the much-esteemed brother of Sir Alexander Burnes, who was murdered in Afghanistan, died on the 2nd inst., at Montrose, in his forty-third year. Dr. Burnes formerly practised in London, and, besides writing several interesting papers on medical cases, took a zealous and prominent part in collecting together the literary remains of his more eminent brother, and giving them to the public. The entire prostration of health in body and mind enforced his retirement to his native place some years ago, and since then he has gradually declined into the grave, hardly to be lamented in so melancholy a case.

M. Habeneck, the leader of the *Conservatoire* of Paris, and much esteemed by his musical brethren, died last week, and was interred with respectful and appropriate ceremonies, on Monday. Cherubini's affecting Mass was performed, and MM. Auber, Adolphe-Adam, Meyerbeer, and Zimmermann bore the pall of their departed friend.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—*The Royal Italian Opera*.—The directors have sent us their programme for the ensuing season, which commences on the 10th of next month. The chief feature is the announcement of four operas—the *Masaniello* of Auber, *Roberto il Diavolo* of Meyerbeer, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, and *Le Prophète*, also of Meyerbeer—the first three representations of which last the composer is himself to conduct. Grisi, Pauline Viardot, Mario, Massol, and Marini are to support the principal characters. Alboni does not return; and either Mme. Dorus Gras or Miss Catherine Hayes is expected to supply her place. There are several first appearances to add to the acknowledged strength and excellence of the company. The orchestra is a magnificent list—Costa is to lead; and it is understood that, instead of ballets, there will be only short and incidental divertissements. The opening piece is to be *Masaniello*, and Mario the hero.

Drury Lane.—The season of the *Cirque* is drawing towards a close: another three weeks and Old Drury will again be tenantless. In the meantime the *troupe* are active in all sorts of equine, feminine, and masculine evolutions, amongst the most astonishing of which is *la lutte des voltigeurs*. Twenty-five shuttlecocks from fifty battledores knocked about with all possible rapidity could only afford a faint semblance of the reality of this surprising vaulting, which must be seen to be appreciated; and as the other entertainments are also clever in their different ways, we would recommend all to pay a visit to the *Cirque* before it is broken up, and we assure them that they will find abundant amusement in the trained horses, the daring riders, and the grotesque clowns.

Haymarket.—The various dramas performed before Her Majesty and the Court at Windsor Castle continue, in their turns, to draw full and apparently delighted audiences to the "little theatre," and while this is the case, novelty is not to be expected. There were plays enough in the Windsor performances to afford plenty of variety, and the burlesque of *Camazotman* also holds its way. This week the *Wife's Secret* has been revived, and with such success that it is sure to be repeated again and again; in fact, Mr. Lovell's fine play gains in attraction as the actors improve in the delineation of their various characters, and it would not be a very hazardous prophecy to say, that the *Wife's Secret*, as now represented, would long hold possession of the stage.

Princess's.—Here the pantomime (one of the

cleverest that has been produced for many years) is still a great attraction; so great, indeed, that the operas of *Leoline*, *Marie*, and *Robin Goodfellow* have only to be alternated to give variety to the entertainments. In *Leoline*, the part of Frantz, originally sustained by Mr. Weiss, has been taken by Herr Mengis, a *débutant* on the English stage, and possessing a fine voice of considerable compass, over which he appears to have thorough command. Its quality is between a low tenor and baritone, and its effect very agreeable.

Lyceum.—So great has been the success of Mr. Planche's burlesque, that the *Tail of the Peacock* has had to be replumed; and, in the splendour of its new dresses and redecorations, it was witnessed by the Queen on Wednesday. The royal party seemed much delighted with the whole entertainments.

St. James's—*Opera Comique*.—The French are expert hands at casting some well-used material from the theatrical stock in trade into a touching and attractive situation;—with their facile wit, this is, perhaps, the greatest charm of their Drama. *Laetitia*, ou *Jouer avec le Feu*, the joint production of MM. Auber and St. Georges, and brought out last Monday at this theatre, exemplifies their expertise in a pretty and simple tale; wherein the royal innamorata of an Italian courtier enjoins him to feign love for an unpretending young villager, in order to screen their secret understanding. He obeys, and is himself enslaved by the charms he would have sported with. We believe the music of this opera has never been heard in this country—perhaps owing to the absence of any very striking melodies. We run after a melody as we run after a "Star," and we have no love, nor indeed attention, for the minute beauties of a well-finished work of more modest pretensions. And yet so even-flowing, so light, and so tender is the music of this charming opera, that *Laetitia*, if it rank not amongst the best of Auber's, will highly please, and certainly never weary, the English listener. Mlle. Chardon had the principal part, with a great deal to do. We would quote two duets, in the first and second acts, between her and M. Coudere, not only as being the prettiest portion of the opera, but as exhibiting to great advantage her voice, clear and fresh, yet quite under control, evidently the result of painstaking study. She managed beautifully her high notes in those melodious cadences, often very difficult, to which Auber is so partial, and which constitute one of his greatest attractions. M. Coudere was the lover. With less to sing, he contrived to give the highest tone and relief to *Laetitia* by his clever acting; and what he did sing was excellently sung, giving at every step manifest evidence of the practised pupil of a school which, for training and managing the capabilities of the voice, is probably the most perfect in Europe. Mlle. Guichard was, perhaps, not equal to her task. Auber, though never impassioned or energetic, has many florid passages which proved beyond the scope of her education, if not of her voice.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and evidently the new opera found favour with the royal, as well as with a numerous and fashionable audience.

Adelphi.—*The Green Bushes* appear to gather strength as they grow; and we know not how many hundred nights they have, nor how many they are to flourish; for the crowded audiences are as delighted as at first, and tremendous was the reception of Madame Celeste on her reappearance in her part of *Miami*.

Olympic.—On Monday, Mr. Oxenford's very successful adaptation of *La Cigue* was followed by a drama, in two acts, called *The Lost Diamonds*; the plot turns upon the jealousy of a husband (Mr. Stuart) being provoked by the loss of a casket of jewels, which he had given to his wife (Mrs. Stirling), but which, it turns out, she had disposed of for the benefit of a young man whose father she had discovered to have been ruined by the loss of a large sum of money, which her husband had found and appropriated. The piece is of a class that is perhaps more adapted for the display of acting in the French than the English school, but in the hands of Mrs. Stirling

and Mr. Stuart its plot was cleverly developed, and the introduction of a comic character, admirably sustained by Mr. Compton, carried it to a highly successful close. Mr. B. Barnett continues to repeat his performance of the part (originally introduced to the English stage by his brother Morris) of *Monsieur Jacques*, and which has since been so successfully played by Mr. Wigan. His conception of the character is good, giving greater prominence to the serious portions than either of his predecessors, but his acting wants the refinement that marked the representations of both his predecessors, especially Mr. Wigan's; yet his produces by its earnestness a greater effect upon the audience than either of the other *Monsieur Jacques's*.

Sadler's Wells.—*King John*, admirably put upon the stage in every respect, but especially in the evenness of the general cast, which gives a harmoniousness to the whole, now seldom witnessed in any theatre, has been brought out here with very great success—a great success that is in all ways merited, for a play of Shakspeare's has seldom been set before the public in a better manner throughout. Where all is so good, it would be invidious to select, so we shall only say that, as represented at Sadler's Wells, *King John* ought to be seen by every admirer of the legitimate drama.

Astley's.—A well-concocted Peruvio-Spanish hippo-dramatic melodrama, has been written by Mr. Fitzball, and produced by Mr. Batt. The title is *Corasco*, but that is only the name of the Peruvian hero, acted by Mr. Fredericks in a highly creditable manner, for the piece turns upon the devotion by the *Inca* of his only daughter to the worship of the Sun, whose high priest is as warmly smitten with the lady's charms as her loyal lover *Corasco*. The escapes and dangers incidental to the loves of this true-hearted couple form the staple of the drama, which is full of tumultuous riding in crowded battles, of rapid flights on single steeds, and of effective situation, picturesque grouping, and fine scenery. It is altogether a splendid spectacle, and the more serious portions are relieved by a couple of comic characters, sustained by Miss Ellen Daly and Mr. Attwood with great spirit; their "gold-dust" duet is a gem of its kind. The piece was perfectly successful, and deserves to be popular for a long time to come.

Surrey.—A new drama, founded on Mr. Howard's nautical tale of "Rattlin the Reefer," and with the same title, has been brought out here as a variety. The situations, however, are too unconnected, and the narrative too diffuse for effective stage representation; so, notwithstanding the clever acting of Mr. Lyon as *Oliver Oakhead*, (the Tiger of the Sea), Mr. Shepherd as *Rattlin*, and Mr. Emery as *Josh Dauntton*, the piece was only moderately successful.

Marylebone.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of *Love*, the part of *Huon* by Mr. Davenport, and that of the *Countess of Eppenstein* by Mrs. Mowatt, has been brought forward here with much success. It is generally well sustained, and *Katherine*, the enfranchised slave, is particularly well acted by Miss Fanny Vining.

VARIETIES.

King's College.—One of the most liberal and judicious steps that could be taken by a public educational institution has been adopted by Dr. Jelf. A course of evening lectures has been commenced for the edification not only of students, but of all who may choose to attend; and the rev. head of the College himself gave it a first impulse, by delivering an able discourse "On the relation which Scientific Pursuits bear to Religion;" and throughout all the present and next month (excepting Saturdays) lectures on Manufactures, Machinery, Public Health, Chemistry, Natural History, and Physical Geography, will be continued by Professors Cowper, Guy, Miller, Rymer Jones, and Ansted.

The Dodo.—Our friends, the naturalists, seem quite perplexed for a reason to account for the preservation of the head and foot of this bird in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. We think we can unravel the mystery. There is an ancient statute re-

specting the Museum which provides that, in case it becomes necessary to destroy any specimens of natural history, the head and feet shall not suffer the fate of the other parts, but be preserved in the Museum. It is somewhat singular, considering the pains Mr. Strickland has taken to write the entire history of the Oxford remains, that he has overlooked this circumstance.

Gun Cotton a Locomotive power.—Some advancement, we hear, has been made in the application of gun cotton to propelling carriages. It appears that this explosive material, when twisted or matted, burns slowly, or at any rate wished, depending upon the tightness of the twist, or the extent of compression. Thus consumed, the products pass into a vulcanized globe, 1½ inch thick, which expands considerably, and thence acting upon pistons, drive the wheels of a mail phaeton, or a Bath-chair.

A Week in Paris.—A proposition is afloat for a return visit to Paris during the Easter holidays in April; and people are invited to enrol themselves for conveyance to and from the English and French capitals, and for a moderate sum enjoy the latter as the Parisians did London, when they came in so friendly a manner to see us. Dunlau the elder, a sculptor of Paris, has executed a neat medallion to commemorate this event, which has been presented to Mr. Alderman Hooper, whose reception of the National Guard at the Mansion House seems to have been very gratifying to them.

The Hunterian Oration was delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons, on Wednesday, by Mr. Cæsar Hawkins. Prince Albert attended, and afterwards went over the Museum.

Mr. Layard, whose work on "Nineveh" has created so strong an interest, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature.

Stowe.—*Prynne's Records*, 3 vols, 1667—70, (with the "Tome" introduction promised by the author in the known copies, but hitherto thought never to have been finished and published,) 335l.; and has now joined Prynne's own copies of his works in the library, Lincoln's Inn. The early editions of *Shakspeare* brought fancy prices. The *Poems*, 4to., 1640, with portrait by W. Marshall, 7l. 10s. First edition of *Plays*, 1623, with Droueshout's portrait, 76l.; second edition, 1632, 11l. 5s.; third edition, 35l. Stevens' edition, much embellished with etchings, &c., 32l. 10s. Boydell's collection of Print Illustrations, before letters, and etchings, &c., 43l. A collection of Jacobite relics connected with the '45, sold for 15l. 15s. *Thuani Historia* (1733), with many private plates, and 1,500 portraits, 84l. *Troye*, black letter, printed by Wynkyn de Worde (1503), 55l. A very curious *Black Book* of forty-eight pages, engraved in Xylography, and coloured, 91l. *Wilton Garden*, etchings by de Caus, brought only 14l. 14s.; and Winstanley's fine work on *Audley End*, only 8l. *Walpole's Reminiscences*, one of twenty-five copies printed, 1788, 15l. 15s. *Wallick's Plante Asiatica*, 26l. 10s. On Friday the sale consisted of maps, charts, &c.; and on Saturday, (the 24th, and last,) the books were illustrative of Irish history, some of them very curious. The last lot was No. 6211. Three fine copies of Dr. Charles O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, or description of the "Iberno Celtic" manuscripts in the Stowe collection, sold respectively for 29l., 15l. 10s., and 26l. This portion of the library has produced 10,355l. 7s. 6d. The collection of rare prints is next to be sold, and immediately followed by the disposal of the rare manuscripts and transcripts.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbott's (Jacob) *Mary Queen of Scots*, 12mo, cloth, 5s. Aristophanes *Acharnenses*, Notes, &c., by F. H. Blaydes, 8vo, 6s. Artis *Logica Rudimenta*, from the Text of Aldrich, Notes, &c., by Rev. H. S. Mansel, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. Blackstone's *Commentaries*, by J. Stewart, Esq., 22nd edition, 4 vols, 8vo, £3 12s. 6d. Bolingbroke's (Maude) *Autobiography*, by E. Jane, 12mo, cloth, 5s. Brandon's *Churches*, royal 8vo, cloth, £2 2s. Burke's *Landed Gentry*, 3 vols, 8vo, complete, £3 15s. ———— vol. 3, 8vo, cloth, 25s.

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DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Feb. 17 . . .	12 14 16 7	Feb. 21 . . .	12 13 57 6
18 . . .	— 14 11 7	22 . . .	— 13 45 6
19 . . .	— 14 6 0	23 . . .	— 13 36 7
20 . . .	— 13 59 7		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our next No., which closes the February monthly part, will extend to 72 columns, in order to keep the contents as compactly together as possible, even in duodecimal subdivision of the annual volume. We do not ourselves like, and we do not think readers generally like "continuations" to too great an extent, or where they can be avoided. We purpose, at the same time, to give place to some original matter, such as introducing a remarkable Ostler Poet to the literary community—showing the difference between flesh and vegetable-eating bipeds—and a few other matters "too tedious to notice."

* The *Athenæum* of last week remarks to a correspondent: "Mr. Richard Adie's letter on the Aneroid Barometer has, we think, been sufficiently answered in the notices which have already appeared in our pages;" if so, the correspondent must be very easily satisfied; but we think the name of the writer and purport of the letter must have been misunderstood—it surely was from Joseph Ady, stating that in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* they would find on the subject of the Aneroid Barometer something to their advantage:—for instance, contemporaneous observations "with a standard barometer," to which alone the *Athenæum* attaches "any real value." We thank our Manchester correspondent for pointing out the observations of the 11th of January; the difference on that day was 0.058. This maximum difference escaped us when we stated it as 0.075. On the other hand we observe, we gave the extreme range of temperature from 18° instead of from 14° to 51°.

If "Alexandria" will generally, and with very few exceptions, pin his faith to what appears in the *Literary Gazette*, and does not heed the *variorum* editions of other journals, he will find himself tolerably correct in his information at the end of the year. With regard to the pension so handsomely and properly conferred on Mr. Lane, it was exactly what we stated—a grant from the peculiar Royal purse, (at the disposal of the minister) of 100l. per annum, for two years, the miserable national pension list not being in a condition for a permanent grant; but there being the clear view of its being adequate to that duty, when or before the temporary arrangement expired. This seems very simple, but Alexandrian, groping in the dark, appear to be incapable of understanding it.

We do not clearly apprehend the drift of G. W. C.'s question: we can see no objection to either word.

In our present No. we have been compelled to defer reports of various scientific bodies, to make room for an elaborate abstract of Professor Owen's comprehensive Discourse on Limbs, read at the Royal Institution.

We have also been obliged to trench somewhat on our advertising columns, but the enlarged size of our next *Gazette* will enable us to bring up the leeway; and to all our advertising friends we would again urge the service it would be to us, to have their favours as early as possible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE NEXT MONTH.—See PRIZEHOLDER at the Annual Distribution will be entitled to SELECT for HIMSELF a WORK of ART as heretofore. Every Subscriber will receive for each guinea an impression of a Line Engraving by P. Lightfoot, after W. E. Frost, A.R.A.—SABRINA—a proof of which may now be seen at the Office, and, in addition to this, an Engraving after a design in relief, for which a premium of £100 has been offered by the Society.
444, West Strand, Feb. 1849.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary
LEWIS FOCOCK, } Secretaries.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—On Monday Evening next, the 19th instant, a Lecture on the Schools of Italy will be delivered by E. V. Hippingale, Esq., and on the ensuing Saturday, the 24th inst., a Lecture on the Spanish School, by F. Y. Hursthouse, Esq., President, on which day the Schools will close, and Pictures for the ensuing Exhibition will be received on the 18th and 19th of March.
A. CLINT, Secretary.

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